Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 27, 1952 TWENTY CENTS

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By AARON COPLAND

(See Recordings, page 41)

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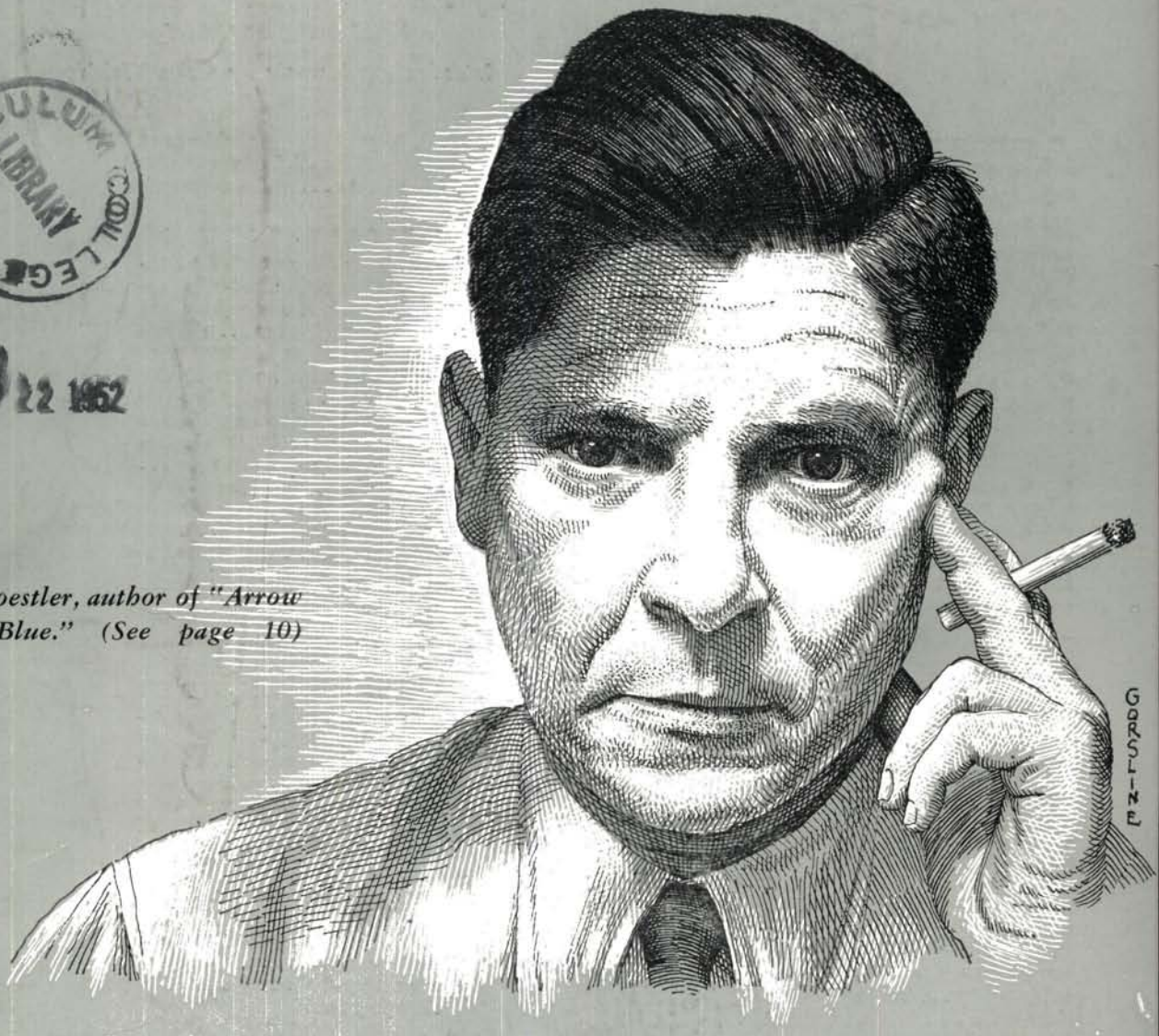

Arthur Koestler, author of "Arrow in the Blue." (See page 10)

An Historian's Plea

By GEORGE SARTON

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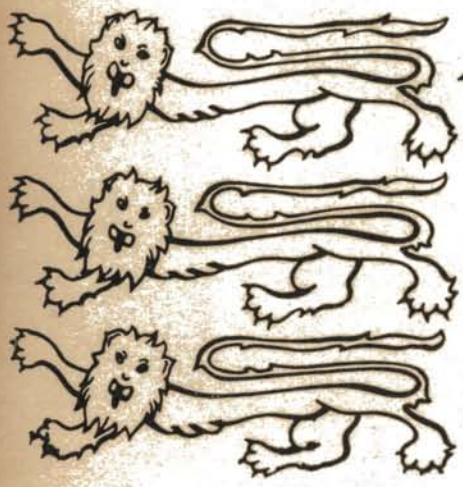

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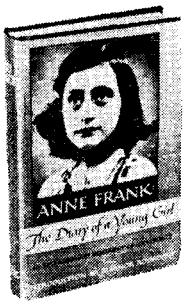

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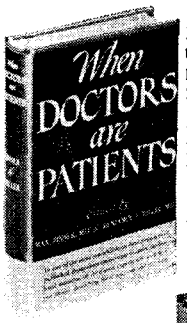

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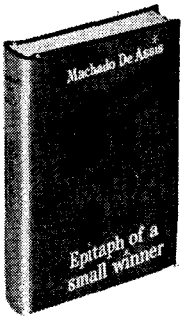

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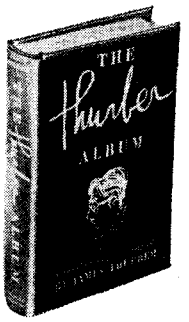

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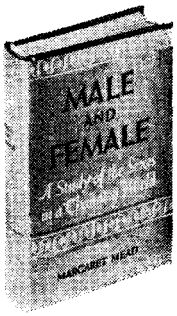

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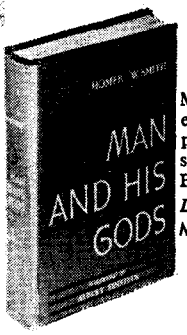

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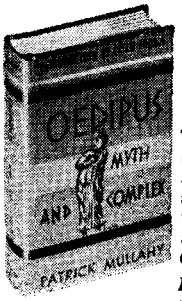

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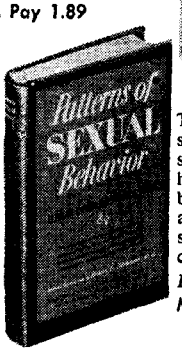

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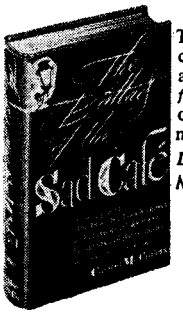

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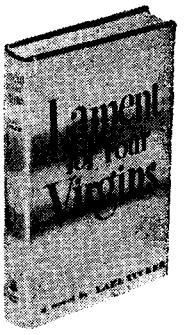

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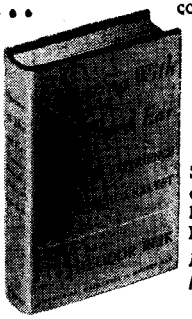

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Good News

▶ For the first time since World War II, Trans-Australian Airlines and Australian National Airways have a surplus of pilots—but the companies are keeping all men on payroll.

▶ Until recently, scientists found it difficult to keep microbes alive for study—at high magnification—in light microscopes. Dyes used to make them visible killed some, others were destroyed by the intense light. RCA scientists have solved this problem by making television a working partner of the microscope. "Eye" of their new system is a tiny industrial television camera built around RCA's sensitive vidicon tube. No intense light is needed since this electron tube "sees" at low light levels. And by making the tube sensitive to the red or violet bands of the spectrum, dyes and stains are eliminated. Scientists can now watch living germs or cells—immensely magnified—on the screen of a television set.

▶ The A. P. Schmidt Company of Philadelphia holds the copyright on some of the late Edward MacDowell's music. American music cannot be copyrighted for more than fifty-six years and so most of MacDowell's works are now in the public domain, in which royalties cease. But the Schmidt firm has never stopped sending a regular royalty check to the ninety-four-year-old widow of the composer, and it recently sent out a check covering the 25,000 copies of music sold the first six months of 1952.

▶ Sailormen's age-old dreams of one day setting out on their voyages with full and accurate information of the seas they must cross are approaching reality now, thanks to the little-publicized International Hydrographic Bureau in the tiny principality of Monaco. The Bureau, of which the U. S. and twenty-seven other countries are members, was founded in 1921 and its high purpose is "to render navigation easier and safer in all the seas of the world," says the National Geographic Society. The Bureau not only serves as an international clearing house for information but is engaged in such important undertakings as the current effort to coordinate the geodetic grids of all the high seas.

▶ American farmers are raising a record crop of 58,956,000 turkeys this year—13 per cent more than in 1951. In spite of declining prices during the 1952 hatching season, growers increased their turkey production by about 6.7 million birds over last year.

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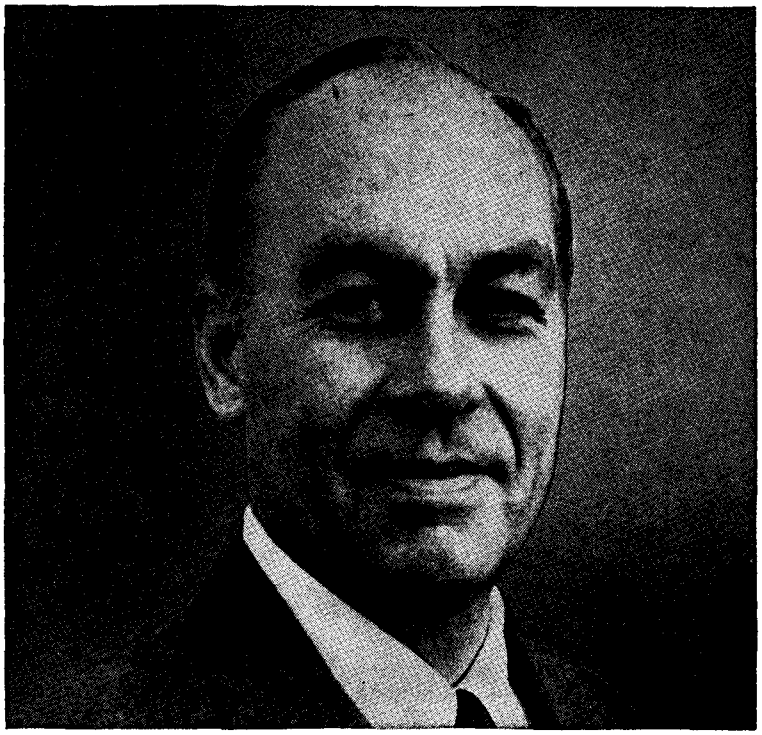

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In October Reader's Digest, you'll be interested in *Cobalt 60*—how an offshoot of A-bomb research is being used to fight cancer; *Watch Out for the Weather*—how its changes affect your physical and mental behavior; *29-page book condensation: Windows for the Crown Prince*—an American woman's precedent-shattering experience as tutor to Japan's future Emperor.

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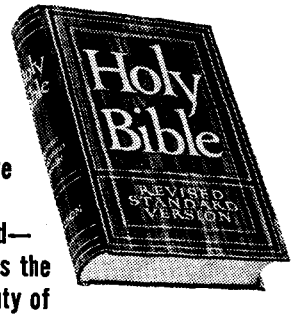

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MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS of 25¢ and 35¢ whodunits, Westerns, light novels, and, more recently, sadistic concoctions with sex and gore spillaning forth from every page—these generally come to mind nowadays when anyone says "Reprint." Yet one of the most solidly established and financially successful reprint businesses in the world is the one which right now is having itself a high old time publishing books of Greek poetry and Hegelian philosophy.

Which is to say that some new editions to the Modern Library have just been announced. One is "The Greek Poets," edited by Moses Hadas, professor of Greek and Latin at Columbia, who has brought together translations of the finest in Greek poetry from the earliest troches and dactyls to the Johnny-come-latelies of the fifth century A.D. Another new title is "The Philosophy of Hegel," by Carl J. Friedrich, professor of government at Harvard. A third is a selection, by Philip Rahv, of Franz Kafka's most memorable stories, including "The Metamorphosis," "The Great Wall of China," and thirteen others. A fourth is "Great German Short Novels and Stories," by Goethe, Heine, Schnitzler, Thomas Mann, and the like; this selection was made by Victor Lange, professor of German languages and literature at Cornell.

It's rather reassuring these days to know that a list like this is not the quixotic publishing folly of inexperienced hopefuls, but part of a vast enterprise that was begun about a third of a century ago and that has never changed purpose or direction. It would be, I suspect, a pretty valuable clue to the fluid, shifting, reforming stuff of literary opinion in this country to go over all the old lists of Modern Library and see which books have been dropped because there was no longer any real interest in them. James Branch Cabell, for instance, vanished a few years ago, all of Anatole France except "Penguin Island," the selected "Prejudices" of Henry Menken; this year, "Ancient Man" by Hendrik Willem Van Loon is dropping off the list, as is "Yama" by Alexander Kuprin, which for a long time was considered "a classic."

Saxe Commins, who has been involved with the Modern Library for all his twenty years with Random House, and before that for another six with Liveright, tells me that a true classic is never dropped because its sales fall off for a year or even for a few years, but only when the world moves on to new estimates of the author's final status. Thus, momentarily profitable or not, good old Modern Library, or its big fat brother, Modern Library Giants, will go on printing and publishing and, thank heaven, selling, Dostoievsky and Dickens and Homer; Thackeray, Balzac, and Tolstoi; Hawthorne, Emerson, and Melville; Proust, Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, Milton, and Shakespeare.

"DUST JACKET BY MATISSE" is a phrase you don't see every time you browse around a bookstore or a publisher's office, but it is true that Henri Matisse volunteered to design and paint a cover, which is also the dust jacket, for a remarkable book of photographs by his compatriot Henri Cartier-Bresson. It is called "The Decisive Moment," and is coming from S. and S. next month, but not in the usual way.

About six years ago, Edward Steichen arranged a one-man show at the N.Y. Museum of Modern Art to present the photographic art of Cartier-Bresson to America. One of the bedazzled spectators was Richard L. Simon, who has described himself above his own signature and without coercion of any kind as "a photographic nut," and who had once written "Miniature Photography, from One Amateur to Another." Mr. Simon never forgot Cartier-Bresson's work, never lost touch with him, and this past spring, when he learned that a collection of his best photographs was going to press in Paris, Mr. Simon promptly set sail for France.

What he saw there dazzled him all over again, and he began long and complex negotiations with Teriade, the French publishers, to export an edition of 7,000 copies for sale in America. Not "sheets," but fully-bound books, printed abroad in heliogravure by Draeger Freres, whom Mr. Simon called "one of the three greatest printers in the entire world."

"The Decisive Moment" is a large book, 11 x 14½ inches, and will sell for $12.50. It contains 128 photographs,

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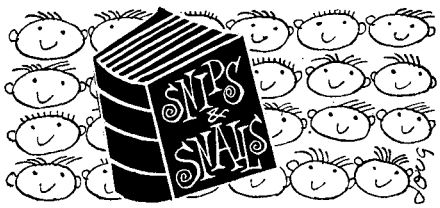
many of which, being double spreads, are hugely stunning things measuring about 14 x 22. There is also a good deal of explanatory text by Cartier-Bresson, plus a technical section written by Dick Simon. Last week, when the first copies to arrive in New York were tenderly laid upon Mr. Simon's desk, that photographic nut examined a copy page for page and, to quote an observer, "flipped his lid for joy." Predictions to nuts and non-nuts alike: when you see these sensitive and dramatic pictures yourselves, you'll be flipping your lids for joy too.

A TRADE WINDS TYPHOON, minor size, has practically blown my portable off my desk as a result of my sanguine, and perhaps lazy, theories expressed here two weeks ago, anent kids and comics and book reading. To wit, "The boys always see *me* reading books; they'll get around to reading books when they're good and ready."

The swirling blast of argument, for and against, reached seventy miles an hour one recent evening among certain of my friends, parents all. One hates to see a pet theory killed by a fact, yet a clear majority of the group was offering irate facts to prove that the happy outcome in my household was, to put it most politely, atypical. *Their* children had never turned into happy little book readers; *their* boys and girls still thought books were those terrible things you used for doing homework.

It was all highly vocal and dismaying until a fellow member of the minority group drew me aside and spoke the one counterfact that restored life to the corpse of my theory. "They're parents, all right," she said. "Fine upstanding citizens, every one; they shovel the snow off the front steps and pay their taxes on time. But is there one reader in that whole gang? One *book* reader? They read newspapers and magazines, play cards, go to parties, spend evenings drinking or looking at TV. So their kids never crack a book and right away this crowd blames it all on the comics. Do *any* of their children see ma or pa stretched out on the sofa for a whole evening, hour after hour, just reading a book? What do they expect their kids to be? Revolutionaries?"

"SNIPS AND SNAILS" is the somewhat coy title of an otherwise delightful book about a boys' school in Arizona. Partly autobiographical, since its author, Louise Baker, taught at private schools in the Southwest for about six years, the book demolishes its own title by showing that little boys, especially the ones who are sent away from home too soon, are made of nothing so cute as puppy dogs' tails, but of a conglomeration of longings, fears, hidden angers at deserting parents, and a limitless capacity to love any grownup who loves them, understands them, and manages to be right there when the going gets rough. Episodes and dialogue are often hilarious, but lots of readers are going to find that along with the laughs they've



unconsciously taken a short course in pedagogy and in parenthood.

Harold McGraw, Jr., of McGraw-Hill, reports that Louise Baker has also been a newspaper reporter, counsellor at children's camps, publicity girl, and most recently, director of public relations for the National Society of Crippled Children and Adults, with headquarters in Chicago. Her first book, "Party Line" (telephonic, not subversive) was published in 1945, and her second, "Out on a Limb," a year later. Both were best-sellers.

"Snips and Snails" was to appear next month, but the *Ladies Home Journal* delayed publication by buying the book for its January issue, a move which caused no pain either to Miss Baker or her publishers. Causing even less pain, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer also stepped up and bought the book for a major picture. Greer Garson, whose long-ago schoolmarm picture, "Blossoms in the Dust," turned out to be one of her largest non-Miniver hits, is to be the teaching Miss Baker in charge of twelve boys, all under ten. The producer will be John Houseman, who recently wrote a highly astute article about N. Y. theatrical criticism for *Harper's Magazine,* and who is just completing a long-cherished dream: a film called "Julius Caesar," from the script by W. Shakespeare.

Mr. Houseman is going to change the title of Miss Baker's book. "Has 'Snips and Snails' any marquee appeal?" an official of M-G-M asked me sternly. Without replying, I inquired about the substitute title, and, though it may be treason to all writers to say so, I now think it a pity that the author doesn't swipe M-G-M's title for the book itself. The movie will be called "Miss Baker's Dozen."

MY SIX WEEKS' SUMMER sublease of these spacious quarters is now over, and as I turn them back to their rightful proprietor, Bennett Cerf, I hope he will find a minimum of damaged crockery, missing silverware, burned table tops, and alcohol rings on the piano. As for the set of keys, I might hold one out on him—just in case he ever invites me to sneak back again for a little while.

—Laura Z. Hobson.

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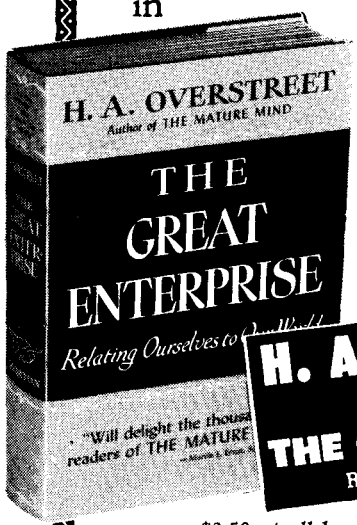
[1]—Alfred C. Ames, *Chicago Tribune*



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The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 27, 1952

An Historian's Plea for Science

GEORGE SARTON

—Fabian Bachrach.
George Sarton

THE great Palestinian scholar Eusebios declares at the beginning of the fifth book of his church history, "Other writers of historical works have confined themselves to the written tradition of victories in wars, of triumphs over enemies, of the exploits of generals and the valor of soldiers, men stained with blood and with countless murders for the sake of children and country and other possessions; but it is wars most peaceful, waged for the very peace of the soul, and men who therein have been valiant for truth rather than for country, and for piety rather than for their dear ones, that our record of those who order their lives according to God will inscribe on everlasting monuments; it is the struggles of the athletes of piety and their valor which braved so much, trophies won from demons, and victories against unseen adversaries, and the crowns at the end of all, that it will proclaim for everlasting remembrance."

Eusebios was thinking primarily of saints, but if he had lived with us and shared our experience maybe he would have welcomed at least some of the artists and some of the scientists in the communion of the saints. For all of them helped us in diverse ways in doing our supreme task and vindicating ourselves (in theological language this would be called "saving our souls"). Their creations—of them all—call for that "everlasting remembrance" which Eusebios had in mind and which is or should be the stuff of history. For in the long run the saints will defeat the sinners; they may die in the struggle but will share in the victory.

Anyone taking the trouble, or rather giving himself the pleasure, of studying the history of science from its beginnings may witness the infinitely slow accumulation of primitive inventions, followed by the discoveries of the Egyptians, the Sumerians, the Babylonians, the Minoans, the Assyrians, the Persians. After a suspense caused by the vicissitudes of wars and revolutions the Greeks built upon these foundations their own amazing system of knowledge. As our archeological information increases, the Greek endeavor becomes less of a discontinuity, because we recognize in it more and more oriental elements. The stones of their wonderful constructions were borrowed from abroad; Greek science is not less wonderful for all that, its structure is as noble and impressive as that of the Parthenon. But we now realize that though it was built within a few centuries, it took millennia of continuous efforts to prepare it. And the same is true of the whole past. Each man adds his stone to the building, and sometimes an old building is broken to pieces and the old stones are used again sooner or later for a new one. Each man continues the work of his fellows—seen or unseen, known or unknown, friends or enemies; each people continues the task of the people who preceded them, and so on. The continuity is hardly if ever broken, because the materials of science are not sufficiently tangible to be capable of destruction, and because the cooperation of all men in this their supreme duty is spontaneous. They cooperate not because they want to, but rather because it is their function and destiny to do so. Neither race nor faith nor political boundaries can be an obstacle to a collaboration which involves the whole of mankind. To be sure, all peoples are not equally gifted, their spirits may rise and flag, and the common undertaking may be interrupted here or there.

HISTORIANS who follow the efforts of only a single people, race, or faith, and perhaps only in a single field (say chemistry), may have an impression of discontinuity, but if one looks at it from a higher point of view and a more catholic one, the realization comes that there is no real discontinuity. The general task from time to time is differently distributed among the peoples of the earth; the work continues, but in different countries. It is as if mankind were working in shifts. Consider the development of mathematics; not to speak of our anonymous ancestors of prehistoric days, there were first an Egyptian shift and a Sumerian (non-Semitic) one, then a Semitic Babylonian one, then perhaps a Hindu one—that is, at least three or four oriental shifts; then a Greek one which may be called Western though some of its work was done in Asia, then a Hellenistic team, more than half oriental, a Jewish one, an Arabic one, almost completely oriental, then a whole series of Western shifts, Italian, English, German, and so on.

Note the alternateness not only of

George Sarton has lectured on the history of science at Harvard for over three decades, and is the author of many books on this subject. His article is drawn from "Moral Principles of Action," a collection of essays edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen, which is to be published Oct. 15 by Harper & Bros.

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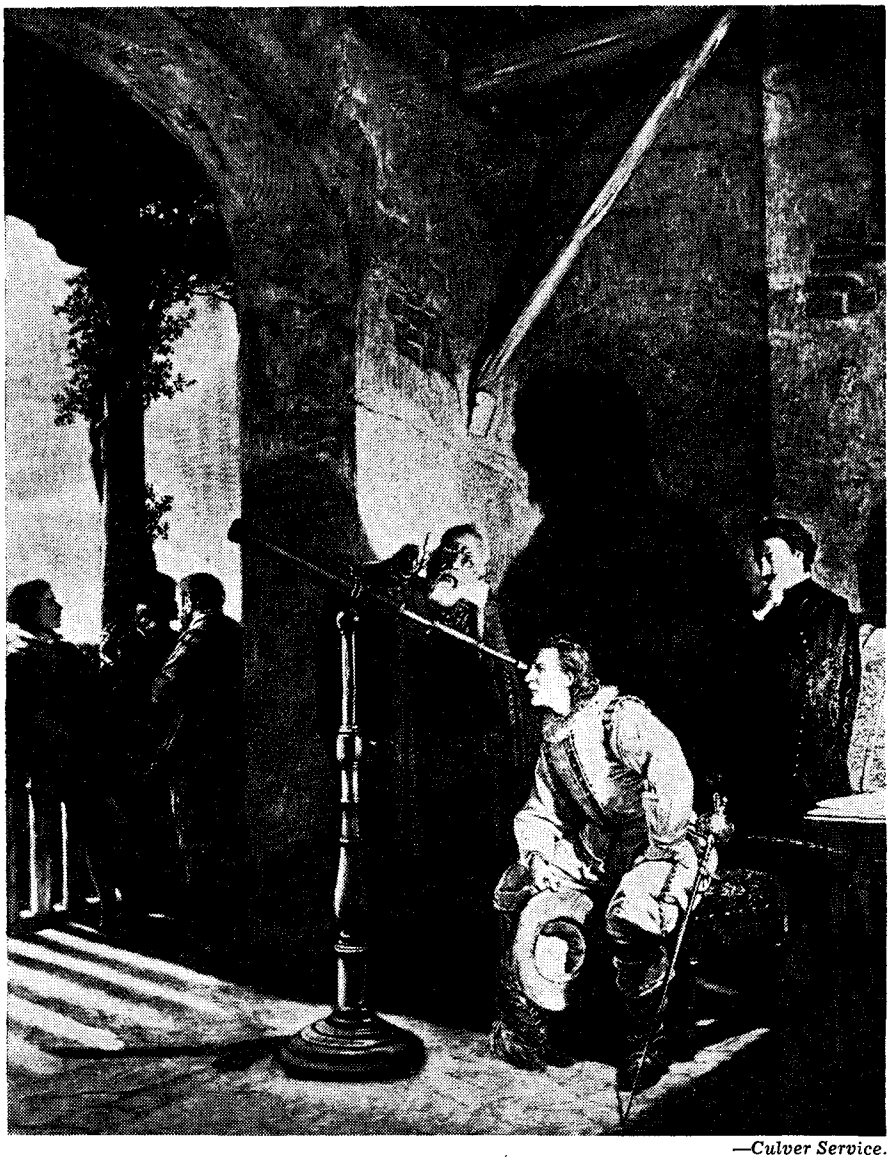
peoples, but of races—East vs. West and West vs. East—and of faiths—Jewish, Christian, Moslem. Even so, we have but told a small part of the story, for while the teams which I have mentioned were relieving one another, other teams—Hindu, Chinese, Japanese—were accomplishing similar tasks in different ways. How is it that all those efforts converge as they do? I have treated elsewhere that stupendous fact. Common traditions might explain a part of it, but even when such community of tradition cannot be assumed, the independent efforts remain consistent to a degree, and the isolated discoveries may be still fitted in a logical sequence. This can only be explained by postulating the internal unity of mankind and the internal unity of science.

The main point is that the international collaboration of men in scientific creation is automatic and to a large extent independent of political circumstances. To be sure, social as well as physical cataclysms may wreck the work here or there, or there may appear some petty despots (deemed great by their partisans) who try to break the intellectual unity of mankind and to ostracize this or that portion of it. They might as well try to ostracize the north wind or the Indian Ocean! They may succeed for a short time in their own section, but they are unable to interrupt even for a moment the scientific cooperation with the ostracized groups, and their futile and mean resistance is soon defeated and undone.

Science develops very much as if it had a life of its own. Great social events cast their shadows before and after upon science as well as upon other human activities; and however alive and independent science may ever be, it never develops in a political vacuum. Yet each scientific question suggests irresistibly new questions connected with it by no bounds but the bounds of logic. Each new discovery exerts as it were a pressure in a new direction, and causes the growth of a new branch of science, or at least of a new twig. The whole fabric of science seems thus to be growing like a tree: in both cases the dependence upon the environment is obvious enough, yet the main cause of growth —the growth pressure, the urge to grow—is inside the tree, not outside. Thus science is as it were independent of individual people, though it may be affected at sundry times by each of them. The tree of science symbolizes the genius and the glory of mankind as a whole.



—*Culver Service.*

Galileo stargazing—"science develops very much as if it had a life of its own."

THE continuity of science appears in still other ways. Science grows steadily, irresistibly, and in general slowly, though with occasional jumps or flights. Its progress if not rapid is less precarious than any other; its diffusion is slow, but gentle. There is no need of propaganda in the usual sense, only explanations, reiterated explanations.

The law of equality of action and reaction is as valid in the spiritual as in the material world. Semitic exclusiveness was the root of anti-Semitism. Clerical despotism has always been the main source of anti-clericalism. Every immoderate propaganda is bound to turn against itself like a boomerang. Conversions to any creed, whether religious or political, are worthless if not spontaneous, and when they are obtained by physical coercion they are worse than worthless.

The diffusion of science, however, is of the most peaceful kind, and unless it be artificially entangled with irrelevant issues it causes no adverse reaction. Intolerance and injustice can be alleviated by merciful deeds, but they can only be extirpated by the slow penetration of the scientific spirit.

The history of science is the story of an endless struggle against superstition and error; it is not a vivacious and spectacular struggle, but rather an obscure one—obscure, tenacious, and slow. The resistance of science against every form of unreason or irrationality is so firm, and yet so quiet, that it is almost as gentle as non-resistance would be, yet unshakable.

All of which indicates that science is the best instrument, if not the only one, to defeat barbarism and to establish on a solid foundation whatever kind of culture we have already managed to inherit, to gain, or to build ourselves. Science aims at perfection, a definite kind of perfection within its own sphere, and it is thus led to grow continuously in a definite direction. Science aims at permanence, and

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Personal History. Now that the glories of the British Empire are as definitely things of the past as those of ancient Rome, more and more Americans are turning to volumes about the Victorian and Edwardian eras for evocations of nostalgia and romance. Cynthia Asquith's "Remember and Be Glad" (*SR* Sept. 20) and Sir Frederick Ponsonby's "Recollections of Three Reigns" (page 13) are intimate first-hand portraits of royalty and nobility. Certainly one of the most fascinating books of the season is Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan's "The Glitter and the Gold" (page 12), the autobiography of an American girl who married into one of the proudest families in England. . . . While all this was going on, across the Channel one of the foremost living novelists was being born into a middle-class Hungarian home. Arthur Koestler tells of his long journey through Marxism to English democracy in "Arrow in the Blue" (below).

From a Westward Europe

ARROW IN THE BLUE. By Arthur Koestler. New York: Macmillan Co. 352 pp. $5.

By MAXWELL GEISMAR

ARTHUR KOESTLER was one of the important figures to emerge in the tradition of radical European writing after the generation of Malraux and Silone. In "Darkness at Noon," still perhaps his best book, Koestler reached the center of the moral corruption in the Russian Revolution, more than ten years ago. In "Scum of the Earth" he presented a brilliant account of France at the outbreak of the Second World War, while "Dialogue with Death" was the story of his experiences in the Spanish Civil War.

To a certain degree his later books have been less impressive on a literary level, and closer to the standards of journalism. But as a dramatist of ideas, of a kind almost unknown in this country, this Hungarian writer who became a British citizen and has lately been granted legal residence in the United States has performed the same kind of role for us that, say, Sartre has for the French.

"Arrow in the Blue," the first panel of what is to be an extensive autobiography, is a fascinating record of his early years. Koestler's mother was of conventional middle-class stock, so he tells us here; most of her relatives—the cousins and aunts he remembers from childhood—were brought to the gas chambers of Auschwitz later on. His father was an entertaining adventurer and dreamer in the business circles of Vienna whose greatest period of prosperity came from the manufacture of "radioactive soap."

"The whole unsavory Freudian Olympus, from Oedipus Rex to Orestes, stood watch at my cradle," and this is in fact the history of a lonely, isolated, and terrified childhood. The family was always on the move. To the child, a prodigy at ten, an adolescent at twenty-five, as he later felt, it was a "breathless journey" or a "portable prison" of his own devising. He lisped his own name, "Awtuah Koestla"; he was short of stature, surrounded by cold stares of bewilderment and rejection, carrying an "accursed shyness" as a leper carries his bell. "I was an only child and a lonely child; precocious, neurotic, admired for my brains and detested for my character," Koestler says again in a typical refrain. Even when he had become a successful journalist, feature writer, and editor for the German publishing house of Ullstein he was obsessed by the same complex of guilt.

It was the childhood of a natural conspirator, so to speak, and even a tonsillectomy became a foretaste of those "archaic horrors" which would, in Koestler's maturity, sweep over the middle-European scene. No wonder that he was fascinated by the concept of infinity in the abstract world of

Maxwell Geismar is the author of "Writers in Crisis" and "The Last of the Provincials." The third volume in this series of literary studies, under the general title of "The Novel in America," will deal with the writers of the period from Stephen Crane to Theodore Dreiser.

THE AUTHOR: "The great adventure has begun," Arthur Koestler reported to the world on July 24, 1931, when, as the only newspaperman in a party of fifty-six, he left Germany aboard the *Graf Zeppelin* on an expedition to the Arctic. Those words—the first under Koestler's by-line to appear in the U.S.—were a few months premature, so far as his own great adventure was concerned. For it wasn't until Dec. 31 that Koestler, born in Hungary twenty-six years earlier, joined the German Communist Party, the start of a career that has since made him perhaps the foremost ex-Communist salesman of anti-Stalinism in the West. Koestler's route to a Party card was not much different from that taken by thousands during Europe's interbellum years. He was "one of those half-virgins of the Revolution who could be had by the Silent Soviet Services, body and soul, for the asking." The following year, he was in the USSR on a tour rigged by the Party. He was somewhere in Russia, checking theory against fact, when Hitler took over. Things didn't check too well; still, on his return, Koestler went to work for the Communist underground. The outbreak of war in Spain saw Koestler there as a British correspondent; it also saw him jailed by Franco in Feb. 1937. For 102 days he wasn't sure whether he'd be shot the next morning. When British intercession freed him at last, his experience behind totalitarian bars taught him that "man is a reality, mankind an abstraction." It was another wedge driven between Comrade K. and Mr. K. A year later he broke with the Party. World War II put Koestler in the uniform of a British private. He has spent the last decade X-raying the Communist mind. Rubashov, of "Darkness at Noon," has become a symbol of the old Bolshevik, ground into the dirt by his offspring. All in all, Koestler, now a naturalized British subject, has written about a dozen books—half in German, half in English—unmasking the ins-and-outs of Communist psychology, a sort of bell-clanging to awaken the "Babbitts of the Left." He can be relied on to pursue his surgery of the Communist illusion which, as he says, he "slept" with for seven years. —BERNARD KALB.

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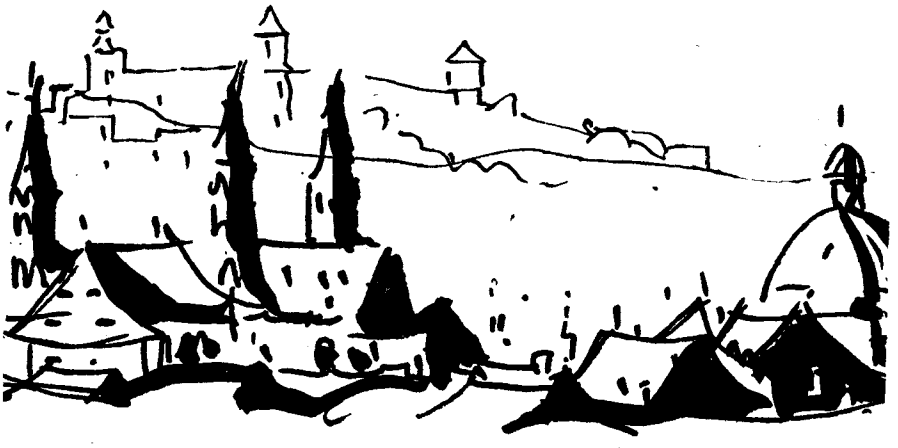

mathematics, or that, as a corollary of frustrated emotions, his search for security and durable human relationships was matched by a recurrent pattern of "bridge-burning." Probably it was typical that he found his first area of friendship and "belonging" in a Zionist fraternity at the University of Vienna which outdid the "Teutons" in dueling, uniforms, ritual ceremonies, and all the other trappings of adolescent barbarians and blockheads. And Koestler's affiliation in the early days of Zionism was with the Revisionist Party of Jabotinsky, which became the cradle of the terrorist groups.

The chapter on Palestine in the 1910's, where he went as a pioneer in the *Kvutsa* and remained as a correspondent for the German press, will not attract many Israelis, and Koestler's own attitude toward Zionism remains ambivalent. Perhaps he liked everything but the reality of life there; he was more at home, for another brief period, in the journalistic and artistic world of Paris and Berlin before the rise of Hitler. In one of the best sections of "Arrow in the Blue" Koestler describes the collapse of the Socialist parties of Germany after the Reichstag elections of 1930—the day which heralded "the end of the Weimar Republic and the beginning of the age of barbarism in Europe." The fate of the Social Democrats had really been sealed in 1918, so Koestler believes, when they refused to break the power of the Ruhr magnates and Prussian Junkers, turning their arms instead against the Communists. In the Ullstein newspapers themselves—a citadel of liberal thought in Germany—he saw the cold purge of 1932, where obscure nationalists and "Aryans" replaced the famous figures of German journalism. "German Liberalism had betrayed its convictions and dishonored itself without improving its chances of survival."

Against this background of corruption and cowardice at the center of European culture itself—and one sometimes has the impression that Koestler's whole life has been a flight from a moral sewer—he turned towards Communism as the only salvation; the second book of the autobiography will continue his history from that point. From this history of social disintegration in Europe, too, Koestler derived most of his present beliefs—or rather a complete lack of belief in modern society that is accompanied by a somewhat desperate humanism, not far from the Existentialist credo. Yet one also finishes the first volume of the autobiography with a certain sense of dissatisfaction or disappointment. For all Koestler's psychological honesty, he has, I think, the knowledge of sophistication, not of truth. The human world of this biography is self-enclosed, abstract, sterile; it may remind you of nothing so much as the desolate grandeur of Jack London's literary cosmos. Even the parental figures in Koestler's childhood are somehow contrived or "gotten up"; despite Koestler's stress on direct sexuality, there is not a single feminine portrait which one remembers here.

There is hardly anybody of consequence in his autobiography but the author himself. And this arrow shot into the blue is a search for values which can only be found, in fact, at his own fingertips. The final question is of course how much one can trust the social wisdom of those who lack the human instinct. Such figures as Koestler have served us well in their blueprints of dangers which lay ahead. But contemptuous of the slow middleground of social progress, just as they are unconscious of the durable resources of ordinary life, their search for absolutes may lead only to the abyss. I should add, however, that Koestler himself seems increasingly aware of these traits in his own thinking, and there is also a kind of Viennese gaiety or even frivolity in parts of this autobiography. He may yet reach the famous conclusion of his countrymen during the disasters in the First World War: that the situation was hopeless, but not serious.

She Tells All?

TALLULAH. By Tallulah Bankhead. New York: Harper & Bros. 335 pp. $3.95.

By Lee Rogow

A girl I know who was in analysis once dreamed of Tallulah Bankhead, and dutifully reported her night visions to The Brain. "Ja, ja," said the analyst. "We all know what that means." He explained that Tallulah has popped up so often in female fantasies that she has been assigned a page in the Freudian picture book of dream symbols, along with white horses, church spires, and falling down wells. In the reveries of New York neurotics Tallulah is the symbol of the woman who has done everything—and gotten away with it.

Now at last the woman who has done everything has written her autobiography. Although it carries the heavy book-selling handicap of being set almost entirely on dry land, "Tallulah" should blow up a hurricane at Brentano's.

In essaying the story of Tallulah, Miss Bankhead was treading common ground. She had already turned up in the memoirs of others as frequently as World War II. We can all chant like nursery rhymes the legends of the early days around the Algonquin Hotel, the London hegira, the belated American triumph, the pelted "Cleopatra," the laureled Regina and Sabina, the battles of "Private Lives" and Prell, the Big Show on the radio, and the bigger one in the courtroom. What could she tell that had not been written, rewritten, columnized, digested, published in anthologies, and printed on party cocktail napkins?

The answer can be found lurking in the libel laws. For nobody but Miss Bankhead could with legal immunity have written certain of the facts she has cared to write of herself in the franker passages of this manuscript.

The chapter "Flirtation with Sin" contains a fairly open-faced confession of what makes Tallulah tick like a time bomb. It reveals that John Barrymore, the greatest Hamlet of his era, once nearly knocked young Tallulah down with his fluttering eyelashes. Though her heart went pitapat, she found the radiance that blazed about the throne too bedazzling, and a romance that might have registered on seismographs became instead a piquant paragraph.

There are accounts here of some of Miss Bankhead's other flirtations, including the one with the House of Bourbon and even headier stimulants. To unregenerate gossips (like myself)

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the hundred pages of letting down the hair will seem much the most diverting portion of the book.

I don't wish to give the impression, however, that "Tallulah" reads like the defendant's testimony in that check-raising trial. You will find here also a disjointed but revealing story of childhood which suggests why and how this tiger started burning bright. You will find an unashamed tribute to Will Bankhead, the "Daddy" of the dedication, who appears never to have ceased operating as an important factor in Tallulah's emotional life. You will find a hint of rue and wistfulness flavoring the chapter on the present day-to-day routines of her life.

You will also pick such plums as these from the pie:

The standing, sitting, freestyle acting champion of the hemisphere hates to act, detesting with equal passion the shabby play not worthy of its players, and the long-run success that bores to madness.

Ethel Barrymore once advised the possessor of the most famous feminine given name on earth to change it to Elizabeth or Mary, since no one could possibly pronounce the name she had.

Re Bette Davis in "All About Eve," Miss Bankhead quotes Will Rogers on the Fred Stone rope-twirling impersonation. Quote: "One of us is lousy." Unquote.

Tallulah first came to the Algonquin, where the sky-rocket was launched, because her chaperoning aunt had heard it was the headquarters of Commander Evangeline Booth. (Possibly apocryphal.)

When Tallulah got a job in the theatre at fifty a week, she hired a French maid at twenty-five a week. With her rent at twenty-three a week, she had nothing left for food. Solved the problem, though. Stole it off people's plates.

It's not true that the lady once climbed a fire-escape to reach the side of a young actor bedroomed above. She is afraid of heights.

"Tallulah," for all its entertainment value, does have some shortcomings as a memoir. In life, as in her acting, she has not the capacity to verbalize or analyze her experience. This is no guided tour of the works. Her writing about her stage career is a pallid recital of parts played and notices received. There is no hint of the source of the fantastic electrical display which is Bankhead's exciting projection on stage. Nor is there any explanation of how the sultry siren of the early successes became the lusty comedienne who has delighted us in recent years. This book is called "Tallulah," not "Inside Tallulah," but even lacking these hoped-for insights, the book stands cubits above what we have had from three or four other first ladies of the theatre.

The Bankhead story is told in a style which has the baroque vitality and ornamented wit distinctive of the writings of Richard Maney, who is cited in an opening acknowledgment "For Conduct Above and Beyond the Call of Duty." Leaving the problem of authorship to the Baconians, it may be said that the marriage of prose and person has been in this case magically successful. It is Tallulah who speaks from these pages, Tallulah flamboyant, intense, comic, sentimental, a woman who presents in her own person one of the most satisfying spectacles of our age.

—*From "Tallulah."*

Tallulah's return to London (1951)—"one of the most satisfying spectacles."

A Grand Tarnish

THE GLITTER AND THE GOLD. By Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan. New York: Harper & Bros. 336 *pp.* $4.

By Elizabeth Wecter Pike

TO come upon Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan's memoirs in the taut and earnest year 1952 is as unlikely an experience as an encounter with a passenger pigeon. We have been carefully taught that both breeds were extinct. We have erred. Mrs. Balsan, very lively indeed, here sets down the record of a seventy-five-year life which, at its mildest, was fabulous.

Daughter of the William K. Vanderbilts, she was born into a diamond-studded world whose axis shifted with the seasons—Newport in summer, New York in the fall, the Riviera for Christmas, Paris in the spring. A world of liveried footmen, governesses, yachts, gowns by Worth, broiled ortolans. A sybaritic world inhabited by the New World's new rich.

Consuelo had a mind—at eight she was at ease with French and German—but little spirit; at eighteen she tumbled docilely into the marriage bed with the Duke of Marlborough. In the annals of American society there has never been a more dazzling nor loveless union, arranged as it was by Consuelo's tyrannical mother who set out to bag for her daughter the highest ducal title dollars could buy. Mrs. Balsan, ever delicate, mentions that certain material considerations were involved in the nuptial pact, but refrains from naming the sum. It happened to be a cool two million five hundred thousand dollars in railroad stock, guaranteed by the New York Central. Thus was Consuelo launched.

Her descriptions of the wedding trip, "serious and depressing," are wistfully hilarious. The Duke addressed his table talk to the maitre d'hotel at assorted Grand Hotels, and kept his bride waiting outside the ruins of Pompeii while he and a guide inspected the paintings and statues erected to the worship of Priapus—a visit, as Mrs. Balsan writes, "bound to awaken discord" in a honeymoon pair.

Their destination, however, was Blenheim, the Marlborough family seat. Americans think fondly of Blenheim, the spot where Churchill was born—in a haunted bedchamber—but Consuelo took a wry view of the place. Pope, quoting the Duke of Shrewsbury, called it "a great quarry of stones above ground," surely a disheartening setting for a bride to set up housekeeping. Consuelo's du-

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—*From "The Glitter and the Gold."*

The Duchess of Marlborough—"anesthetize[d]."

—*Culver Service.*

Edward VII in Darmstadt—"an explosive and violent temper."

were threefold: to operate and underwrite the vastness that is Blenheim (thirty guest rooms, for instance), and to produce heirs. She performed admirably, giving birth to two sons, all the while entertaining a flow of royal visitors who forever sent their hostess autographed photographs, and learning to hold her own with guests as formidable as the German Emperor, whose conversation was "self-centered, which is usual with kings." Her personal life with Marlborough ground on bleakly. She took to knitting during dinners *à deux* to anesthetize herself, but her life as a ranking peeress of the realm was fascinating. Her pages read like the "Almanach de Gotha" crossbred with Burke's "Peerage."

And as she opened bazaars and cosseted her Duke's tenants, her social conscience grew—so did her spirit. At last the butterfly broke through the chrysalis. She and Marlborough were separated, and she moved on to London, to independent years, useful, philanthropic years in which she battled for "sweated women" and circled in a new layer of life—with politicians, authors, Fabians.

After World War I she migrated to France and, twenty-five years after her first, to a second and joyous marriage with Jacques Balsan, one of the founders of the Escadrille Lafayette and a very civilized man. World War II washed the Balsans back to her native shore, and there, rather abruptly, Mrs. Balsan ends the recalling and recounting.

As a picture of a period, these memoirs miss the mark—they are far too personal for that. They concern themselves with the modes and the manners of a vanished past, and they are gently charming.

At Home with the King

RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE REIGNS. By Sir Frederick Ponsonby. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 509 *pp.* $5.

By R. Ellis Roberts

THIS book should have been called "Recollections of Three Monarchs or Three Courts." Most students of history and social behavior will be at once exasperated and fascinated by Sir Frederick Ponsonby's intense narrowness of view. He was by training and experience a courtier, a personal servant of the reigning monarch of England. He was a man of honor and some intelligence and a scion of one of the most distinguished of the old Whig families. Sir Frederick—who became Lord Sysonby not long before his death—cannot claim the attention as an author which is given to his younger brother Arthur, the anthologist of diaries; and for most lovers of letters the one outstanding member of the Ponsonby family will remain a woman—that Caro who married William Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne, Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister), and who for six months compelled Lord Byron to be true to his pose.

Still Sir Frederick should have a prize of some kind. This book tells, in a self-effacing way, the story of his service in the courts of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, and King George V. Unfortunately, the Georgian part is incomplete, and the author did not live to revise it. The book covers the years from his birth in 1867 to 1935: he became an equerry of the Queen in 1895 and, except for a brief service with his regiment, in which he distinguished himself, was never long away from his royal masters. This book is a record, increasingly discreet as he approaches our own time, of the life he led as a courtier. It must surely be unique among historical records in that, while there is a good deal about the First World War, about the Army, about King George V's part in it, there is no mention of President Woodrow Wilson, nor of the League of Nations.

In a prefatory note Colin Welch, who arranged the book for publication, says that Sir Frederick's "devotion to the Royal Family was profound and absolutely genuine" and that "in ceremonial matters he was absolutely in his element." It would not be true to say that the author was not critical of certain royal habits, and that he cannot see the absurdity of too rigid an insistence on a strictly correct etiquette. Still, it is surprising how indulgent he can be to various royal traits which must have been unsympathetic to him. He leaves the reader with the impression, for instance, that in their love of jokes the monarchs he served remained adolescent. Edward VII, we learn here, had an explosive and violent temper, and was not ashamed of roundly cursing his partners at the bridge-table. Of Queen Victoria's severity we have heard often; but I wish Sir Frederick had told us whether she was responsible for the brutality which forbade any one sitting, except, of course, at meals and entertainments, at a royal party.

Sir Frederick is a poor gossip, as

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one would expect of so tactful a courtier. He does, however, discuss frankly the position of John Brown in Queen Victoria's affections, and dismisses authoritatively the absurd legend of a secret marriage. He is very general about King Edward's notorious infidelities. In one passage he leaves our curiosity shamefully unsatisfied. When he took the cure at Marienbad "the King picked up curious people and asked them to luncheon." Then, further on, we read: "Mrs. Dale Lace, with an eye-glass, short skirts, and a murky past, also came to luncheon and some of the habitués were shocked, although she amused the King." Now who was Mrs. Dale Lace? Hers is the only completely unfamiliar figure in the book, although there are plenty of the eminent obscure.

Here in Sir Frederick's book is a priceless record of a time, a way of life which has, one imagines, changed so that Edward VII would not recognize it. The appalling boredom of many of the functions, the uselessness, the triviality, and the petty malice will strike most readers as intolerable. But Sir Frederick—badly treated though he was by a senior colleague—contrived somehow to enjoy himself. He had integrity of spirit, and could never have been, even to Victoria, more than ceremonially subservient. After all, his family belonged to those who, in getting rid of the Stuarts, made the Hanoverian dynasty, and so they had to be loyal to their creation.

The Morning After the Night Before

THE MEMOIRS OF HERBERT HOOVER: The Great Depression, 1929-1941. New York: The Macmillan Co. 503 pp. $5.

By Fred Harvey Harrington

SHORTLY after the 1929 crash, J. J. Raskob and other Democrats decided to make political capital out of the Depression by smearing President Hoover. They thereupon turned out articles and books containing all manner of inaccurate statements about the Chief Executive. Naturally, Hoover was stung by these unfair charges; and, naturally, he prepared a defense of his Presidential activities soon after he left the White House. Here we have this defense, revised in the light of books published since the mid-1930's, and supplemented by an attack on the New Deal.

The result is interesting; but it is not good history. It contains many doubtful statements. It is badly balanced, and is at many points as grossly unfair to the opposition as the smear-Hoover books were to Hoover. One need not be a Roosevelt admirer to reach this conclusion. There are many first-rate books that have an anti-Roosevelt interpretation; and there are defenses of the Hoover Administration that are more effective than this one.

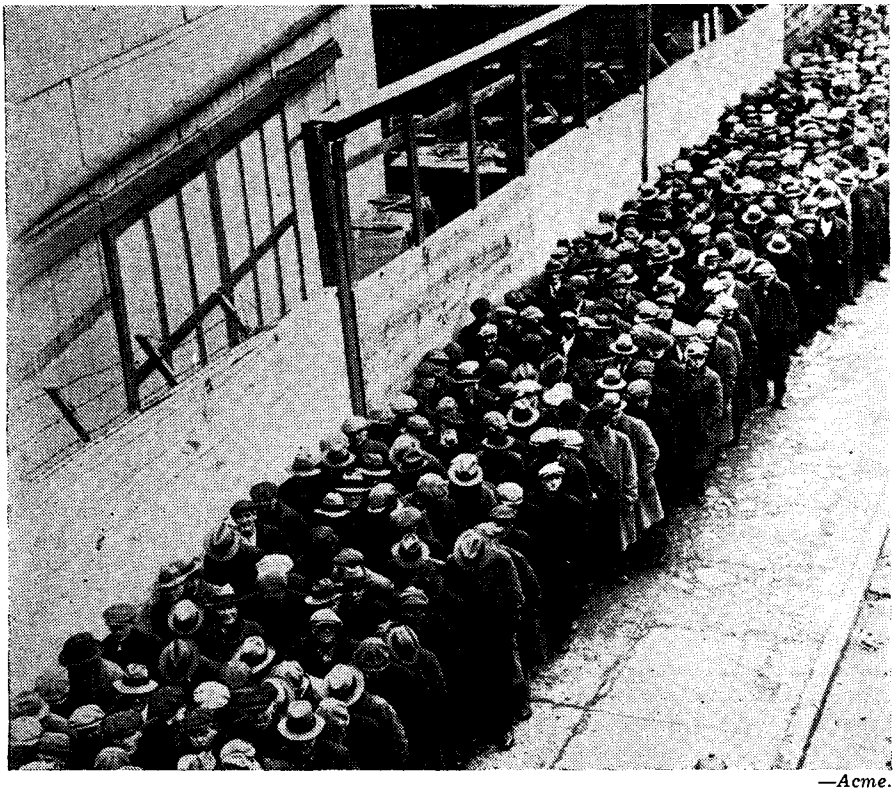
In this third volume of his memoirs, Hoover stresses the world background of the Depression. He grants that the stock market speculation of the 1920's was unfortunate, and points out that he made some effort to check it. He feels that his approach to the problems of the Depression was exactly right; it would have been wrong to have done either more or less. Feeling that the Federal Government must act, he rejected the do-nothing advice of Secretary of Treasury Mellon and other "leave-hands-off liquidationists." Hoover's plan was to "summon every resource of the Federal Government," to "adopt unprecedented measures to meet the unprecedented violence of the storm." Yet he condemns all who felt that the emergency called for stronger action than he thought expedient.

Why did he fail? For two reasons, he says: world conditions, beyond American control, caused new trouble in 1931; and domestic political opposition wrecked the Hoover program. At first, in 1930-31, the Democrats were motivated by desire to get into office. By 1932, says Hoover, the dominant Democrats were bent on collectivizing the Republic.

Hoover underestimates the seriousness of the Depression and overstates the popularity and effectiveness of his measures. He says twice that no one needed to be cold or hungry in 1930-31. Repeatedly, Hoover saved the situation. "We . . . stopped the development of panic" in the summer of 1931. That fall "we . . . again prevented panic." In 1932 "we forced great . . . measures through this opposition Congress, which turned away panic." Government accomplishments in 1931-32 were "our [Hoover's] successes;" failures were the failures of Democrats and Progressive Republicans in Congress. Hoover's proposals to Congress in 1931 quieted the people's fears; "the country as a whole supported the Administration" on budget balancing. The election of Roosevelt by a large majority of the voting public, however, ended public confidence in the Government.

Some of Hoover's statements are more astonishing than these. He states that Roosevelt closed the banks in 1933 *to create an emergency*. He claims that FDR was nominated in 1932 by the left-wing. He says that "free-economy" nations had "fully re-

(*Continued on page* 30)



—Acme.

A breadline of the early Thirties—"failures were the failures of Democrats" (?).

Fred Harvey Harrington recently became chairman of the history department at the University of Wisconsin.

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Fiction. Few of the novels we review this week will be remembered after this season has run its course, but a number of them will provide pleasant enough reading until something important comes along. The most keenly awaited of the lot because of its author's reputation is Edna Ferber's "Giant" (below). As our review suggests, it is going to arouse the wrath of all good Texans and entertain most readers in the other forty-seven commonwealths. Angela Thirkell's twenty-third chapter in her apparently endless serial about the legendary English county of Barsetshire ("Happy Return," page 16) will delight her old fans and win new ones. Anthony Thorne's "Young Man on a Dolphin" (page 17) is British farce to be savored before an open fire in the den, while Kathleen Winsor's "The Lovers" (page 18) belongs beside the bon-bon box in the boudoir. By literary standards, the most important book by far is a 1929 item just republished: Elizabeth Bowen's story of Ireland in the troubled Twenties, "The Last September" (page 16), a study of the British Occupation's declining vigor in a hostile land.

Land of the Boiling Gold

GIANT. By Edna Ferber. New York: Doubleday & Co. 448 pp. $3.95.

By William Kittrell

MISS FERBER'S new novel is certain to be on the required reading list of the Texas Folklore Society, for it deals with the habits of those mythological creatures, the free-spenders from Texas, the Land of the Big Rich.

In particular, the novel tells about Leslie Lynton, gently bred resident of the horse country of Virginia, who marries Bick Benedict, tough and competent master of a mammoth, you might say King-size, ranch in Texas, and about Leslie's ennobling influence in that distant and dusty land. The most sharply delineated character is Jett Rink, oil king and hotel proprietor. Jett is jet-propelled, ruthless, and reckless. He is the prototype of all the fabulous Texans who with luck and guts have bridged the chasm between bleak poverty and incredible wealth in half a generation. I'm afraid he is not going to be popular.

According to Miss Ferber's account, the really well-to-do Texans have four-motored planes, while their earthbound poor relations are restricted to Cadillacs in a limited range of colors. One of Miss Ferber's typical female Texans wouldn't think of going out for an armload of stovewood without throwing a sable stole around her shoulders, and she usually leaves her old worn-out diamonds around on the washstands of her primitive home.

Miss Ferber's fable shows that she shares the feelings of most Texans toward their noted if not noteworthy neighbors who like publicly to display their purchasing power. There are some seven million Texans who aren't millionaires. They are often amused or annoyed at the carryings-on attributed to their fellow citizens at the Stork Club or Ciro's or on the Riviera. These residents of the Lone Star State are not able to keep a DC-6 standing by all revved up, nor for that matter does any other Texan. One of our more spectacular zillionaires does have an old last year's Constellation, but nary a DC-6.

Despite the disclaimer in the front of the book, the characters in "Giant" will strike many Texans as bearing a remarkable resemblance to actual persons. Some will think that this is actually the story of the King Ranch and Bob Kleberg, and of the Shamrock Hotel and Glenn McCarthy, but on closer examination they will find they are wrong. Very carefully but casually, Miss Ferber brings Bob and Glenn and the Shamrock into her narrative, thus proving beyond a peradventure of a doubt that Glenn McCarthy is Glenn McCarthy himself, not Jett Rink, Bick Benedict is not Bob Kleberg after all, and the little old King Ranch of only a million or so acres is definitely not the giant Reata spread of which Miss Ferber speaks. It is about as difficult to identify the characters and places in "Giant" as it would be to recognize the Washington Monument if it were painted purple.

Miss Ferber has done a lot of homework on this book, and there is some meat in it. Her discourses on grass, while not the last word on the subject, reveal diligent study. Her dislike of the treatment of the wetback and of the discrimination against Latin-Americans is shared by many of us. The story of the mesquite and how it spread is straight Frank Dobie, and the reference to de Pimeda's visit to Texas in 1519 is the real Walter Webb.

While there was a touch of genuine Texana in the mountain oyster feast Leslie ran into on her first day at the Reata Ranch, Miss Ferber surely dug up something out of this world when she wrote about the barbecue where the pièce-de-résistance was a cow-head cooked whole for eighteen hours, no less, and greedily devoured by the primitive plainsmen.

"Giant" will be joyfully received in forty-seven states and avidly though angrily read in Texas, for if Miss Ferber and her publishers think they are going to make Texans so dang mad that they will stage a book-burning and hang Miss Ferber in effigy, she and they just don't know the residents of the state whose flag floats a single star.

William Kittrell, a Texan of pre-Revolutionary stock, operates the Texas Press Clipping Bureau, a peanut farm, and a peach orchard.

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Under the Castle

THE LAST SEPTEMBER. By Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 303 *pp.* $3.50.

By Ben Ray Redman

THIS new edition of Elizabeth Bowen's second novel, first published in 1929, displays the exquisite sensibility, the verbal art, and the genuine originality of vision that have won her the reputation she deserves. In a new preface she tells us that this story of Ireland in 1920—during the "troubled times," when "the British patroled and hunted; the Irish planned, waited, and struck"—is a re-creation of the scenes and experiences of her own youth, that its most dramatic incidents are "fiction torn from the texture of history." And one can easily believe that, of all her work, this is the book that is nearest to her heart. The emotions that animate it have been profoundly felt, but their intensity has not been permitted to prove too much for the novelist's rigorous self-control. The discipline of a true artist has prevailed.

"The Last September" is a tragedy written, in large measure, in the accents of drawing-room comedy. Laughter sparkles on the surface of the narrative stream, while horrors move darkly in the depths below. It is a story of an Anglo-Irish house, Danielstown; of an Anglo-Irish family, Sir Richard and Lady Naylor and their niece, Lois; of their visitors, the Montmorencys and Miss Norton; of their friends and county neighbors, and the young British officers—Gerald Lesworth chief among them—whom, in accord with an old custom, they entertain. Primarily it is a story of youth in quest of a way of life; of Lois, who holds the rich abundance of her youth in both her hands, but does not yet know what to do with it; and of Gerald, tragically incapable of fully satisfying Lois's demands, or of successfully combatting Lady Naylor's smiling hostility. In Hugo and Francie Montmorency, who are forever moving on as visitors from one big house to another, we have a study in middle-aged futility. In Sir Richard and Lady Naylor are demonstrated the sustaining, spine-stiffening qualities of tradition. And Danielstown itself—the house that in "real" life is still Bowen's Court—is the almost animate setting of a scheme of living that is gone—after death pangs, at first unnoted, that began as long ago as 1914.

Miss Bowen has the extraordinary gift of making the traits of her characters visible to the reader's eye, more clearly visible than she cares to make their bodily envelopes—and she does this, not by telling the reader this or that, but by the indirect method of making him feel that he is making his own discoveries. She can create a room, or recreate it, with a sentence: "The distant ceiling imposed on consciousness its blank white oblong, and a pellucid silence, distilled from a hundred and fifty years of society, waited under the ceiling." She can manage crowds well, as she does at Mrs. Fogarty's and at the Rolfes' dance. Her wit is unfailing— see Lady Naylor on the subject of Surrey in particular and England in general. Her subtleties are deadly—see Lady Naylor's words to Lois after she has sent Gerald away. There are no slack or easy stretches in the course of her narration, for she brings to the novel the tensions and compressions of the short story. She is fond of verbal figures, unusual figures, but she does not contrive them for their own sake; they are the media whereby she gives expression to that sensibility of which I have spoken. Among the novelists of our day, Elizabeth Bowen has few superiors and few peers.

The Old Novel-land

HAPPY RETURN. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 306 *pp.* $3.50.

By Kenneth Horan Rogers

"HAPPY Return" is Angela Thirkell's new story of the English province of Barsetshire, a region bounded on the north by Anthony Trollope and on the south by Jane Austen. The castles, the seats, the estates, the manors are Miss Thirkell's own particular England. She knows the people intimately and she can divulge their secrets, with many an arch "we think, dear reader" and "you will agree." She condones their foibles and, what is more important, predicts their futures.

All this with a smile. In "Happy Return" Eric Swain is still looking for a wife, Charles Belton still has one promised, the handsome Lady Lufton still mourns the fact that her son, Lord Ludovic, is so tall, a rich industrialist still lives in half the manor house and from the first page to the

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOE BUSINESS

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify ten famous literary figures who were concerned with footwear. Allowing five points for each character named and another five for either the author or the story, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 36.

1. While this terrorized country lass was being forced by an escaped lunatic to walk through the woods, she was tormented by her brand-new two-dollar shoes with cloth tops.
2. At the Northumberland Hotel, this baronet was robbed of an unworn brown boot which was immediately returned, and an old black one which was found many days later in a dangerous bog.
3. These characters had clean, neat shoes, but no feet.
4. In order to create a market for a $4000 stock of shoes in a town where everyone went barefooted, this United States consul cabled for 500 pounds of dry cockleburrs.
5. Under tragic conditions this French physician became a shoemaker.
6. In a country where the two political factions were distinguished by the high and low heels of their shoes, this ruler's heels were about one-fourteenth of an inch lower than any of his court.
7. Although this soldier, whose leg had been amputated, was not yet dead, one of his buddies had designs on his fine yellow leather boots.
8. This rejected suitor, who was not quite a gentleman, threw a white tennis shoe at the bride and groom as they left Westminster Abbey.
9. When asked why he led men about the streets this cobbler replied, "To wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work."
10. Her uncontrollable dancing shoes grew to her feet.

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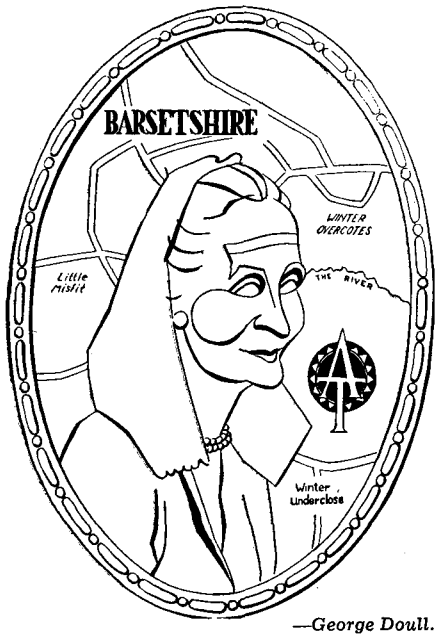

—George Doull.

Angela Thirkell—"a life of their own."

last he and Lady Lufton admire his gardens. Lady Cora Waring, handsome chatelaine of the hideous castle, still manages Lord Waring as easily as though he were a commoner, and of course there is the long-time and forever glamorous widow, now married to a gentleman who adores her.

Of such tenuous stuff is once more the Thirkell plot. The people, of exquisite manners and fine traditions, have been through two wars and are peeled down to size by privation. But there is cause for rejoicing—the happy return of the Honorable Winston Churchill to office.

Old customs fade away almost unnoticed in the rest of the world but not in Barsetshire. Here people live a life of their own. To break through causes readjustments, and it is with the ridiculous side of these readjustments that the Thirkell stories are concerned.

In less skilful hands Barsetshire lords and ladies, domestics and farmers, vicars and vicars' wives, would be tiresome. The author knows this and inserts her editorial comments, a trick borrowed from her eighteenth-century forebears. Alas, her telling is mannered, her method sometimes obsolete, but she has her usual skill, so in this latest Thirkell chronicle we gladly meet once more the friends we loved and admired and laughed at in twenty-two preceding volumes. They are a little older, a little more set in their ways, a little more familiar. And all the young couples have had babies, so their stories may go on and on.

Like the radio's continued dramas, the inhabitants of Barsetshire hold time in their grasp, and move slowly and gracefully and lovingly into eternity.

Storming Into Manhood

YOUNG MAN ON A DOLPHIN. By Anthony Thorne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 254 pp. $3.

By Al Hine

THE theory that all that is needed to transform a timid swain into an irresistible lover is an infusion of self-confidence has probably been responsible for more black eyes than the preliminaries at St. Nick's. Nonetheless, it is a tempting theory and in literature it may be both diverting and non-lethal. It supplies a comfortable framework for Anthony Thorne's pleasant and perplexed hero, William Burnett.

Mr. Burnett, a personable young poet, arrives in Venice for the annual congress of LAMF, an international literary and artistic fellowship. He is a charming young fellow, and a veritable monument of indecision. This latter characteristic, clearly stated though not explained by the author, betrays Burnett when he finds himself suddenly in love with Marilyn van Shreven, a young American pianist. Marilyn spurns his suit and he himself is ready to give up in despair when a fishing trip in the unexpected company of a middle-aged Frenchwoman changes the whole picture, and his life.

For their fishing boat falls afoul of the *tramontà*, a savage storm of Italian coastal waters, and comes to rest, battered beyond repair, on Pescano, a tiny island inhabited at the moment exclusively by women. These hospitable matrons—they are the wives of fishermen kept from their hearths and beds by this self-same *tramontà*—put Mr. Burnett on an almost military schedule of romance. He leaves Pescano two months later a new man, more than able to cope fully with Miss van Shreven and by

—Woodcut by Jacopo dè Barberi (1511-14).

Venice—"*éducation sentimentale.*"

inference with the world. The ministrations of the nymphs of the island, the interpretations of this *éducation sentimentale* by his companion, Madame Fauquet, even the understandable hostility offered him by the returning fishermen, have changed him from an ornamental if literate jellyfish, complete with an oversupply of British reserve, to a man whose very manner makes it impossible for a woman, well, for Miss van Shreven anyway, to resist him.

The stay on the island, more than half the bulk of the book, is fine, tried comedy, and throughout it Billy Burnett comes alive, as does his corporal's guard of charming temptresses. The island idyl, unfortunately, is long in coming and is prefaced by a rather dreary section, of more interest to active members of PEN than to the general public, in which the hero's pallid aimlessness nearly alienates the reader for good and all. The progression of off-stage names—Benjamin Britten, W. H. Auden, Cyril Connolly, Tennessee Williams, Jean Cocteau, Christopher Fry, and so on—fails to heighten either reality or interest and exists only as a blurred frieze of background figures, as lively, say, as the list of state delegates to a political convention.

This slow start is a pity, for Billy's adventure with the sirens more than makes up for it. As a whole this book could win cheerful endorsement as excellent hammock reading. I don't know what the winter equivalent is—perhaps from the first tinting of the leaves we are all supposed to be buried in Kierkegaard—but "Young Man on a Dolphin" should serve to while away a not-too-serious hour or so in an overstuffed chair.

Origin

By Hannah Kahn

BEYOND the known identity
of leaf, of grass, of branch, of
tree—
there is the core with heart of fire
that sparks the impulse of desire.

The flowing sap, the swollen seed,
the full-blown blossom and the
weed
bear witness to this flame that burns—
that smolders when the season turns.

Beyond the known, the living core
that needs no name nor signature.

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Alien Hoosiers

REUNION ON THE WABASH. By Sterling North. New York: Doubleday & Co. 313 pp. $3.50.

By WILLIAM E. WILSON

SOME of the characters and situations in Sterling North's "Reunion on the Wabash" may be too patently a novelist's invention, but the Wabash River, as he describes it at Neal's Bend several miles above New Harmony, is indisputably real. Mr. North knows what Midwestern river country looks and feels and smells like and can make his readers breathe its air.

When Mr. North's story opens, Senator Ed Bigelow has been dead for several months, but his ghost is still alive—not only in the family home on the Wabash, where Aunt Sophy believes everyone will return in the Life Hereafter, but also in the mind of his middle-aged son and heir, Jim. A successful novelist who has returned to Indiana from New York in the hope of breaking a writing block, Jim Bigelow knows that his difficulty derives from a fixation regarding his father. One night when Jim was only ten, he discovered his father and aunt Hester keeping a lovers' tryst in a grove near the old house, and the memory has haunted him all his life.

This is the problem of the interior of Jim's life. Externally he is even more plagued, for there are eleven other people lodged in the Sycamores, Jim's ancestral home, each of whom is a major problem to Jim. Besides Aunt Sophy, who will not let him change anything in the Sycamores, and Aunt Hester, a mute now, who is a constant reminder of his father's infidelity, there are Aunt Hester's dim-witted paranoic son, "Clarence, the Wild Boy"; Jim's secretary, who is in love with Uncle Fred; Uncle Fred himself, a student of New Harmony's history; his wife, a suicidal dipsomaniac; their son, who, though still in his twenties, is writing his autobiography and has sold part of it to the *Kenyon Review*; Jim's daughter, April, whose fiance at Swarthmore

—*By Fred Banbery, for jacket of "Reunion on the Wabash."*

is neglecting her; a hymn-singing cook; an actress, in love with Jim, and Jim's agent, in love with the actress.

With these characters Mr. North sets up a complex plot, which he renders even more complex by the addition of several actors who are not residing on the Bigelow acres. Among these outsiders is Teresa Sheridan, the girl Jim really loves, and a river-rat named Garth Magnus, who has hated Jim since their boyhood days together on the river. Toward the close of the book, the entire cast is brought on stage at a family reunion; and several hours later, with the aid of Garth Magnus's villainy, Jim's heroism, and the rising river's violence, the author solves the dilemma of each.

Inside Indiana, Sterling North's readers may have difficulty believing in an Old Guard Republican Senator from Posey County, one spot in the state where Republicans do not flourish; and those who have been reading recent novels about Indiana may resent Mr. North's contribution of still another instance to the vogue for Hoosier rustics enamored of pigs. At the risk of laboring a minor point and being charged with a finicky provincialism, I might remind all novelists contemplating the Indiana setting that the noble theme of simpleton-loves-pig was a fugitive from Faulkner and should not be regarded as indigenous to our sycamore shores.

Outside Indiana, where the foregoing objections will not arise, "Reunion on the Wabash" can be read with no pain—in fact, with pleasure. However, if Sterling North must borrow heavily from authorities, he might at least get their names straight in his acknowledgments. My name is Wilson, not Mason.

Compass Song

By David McCord

NORTH, south, east, and west,
Summer, spring, winter, fall:
Each of you I love the best,
All of you—all.

Summernorth, wintersouth,
Eastfall and westspring:
Clapper in the big bell mouth,
Ring the bell—ring!

Fiction Notes

GIRLISH DAYDREAMS: It may disappoint Kathleen Winsor's fans to discover that the novelette and two short stories that make up her latest book, **"The Lovers"** (Appleton-Century-Croft, $3.50), are fantasies. In fact, the scene of the novelette, "On Roaring Mountain," is Hell, a strange Gehenna of volcanic craters, boiling geysers, and streams of lava which resembles an alcoholic's dream of Yellowstone Park. Jacinta is a Victorian adultress who has been shot by her husband. In the enormous and dark lodge the author has provided for the damned she finds her mother as young and as beautiful as she is. Both of them become the victims of the Devil's irresistible power over women and his inextinguishable virility. They are doomed to jealousy of each other for the rest of time, but in the end make a pact to be happy together while they wait their turn with their satanic lover. Miss Winsor's women can even outwit the Devil.

The heroine of "The Silent Land," one of the shorter pieces, is incredibly lovely and yet childish. Dissatisfied with her devoted husband after her honeymoon she has an affair with a completely satisfying man, an explorer, handsome, imaginative, and virile, the kind of a lover that might be created in the dreams of an adolescent girl. Amoret is also a witch who is capable of disappearing from sight and memory, a convenient way of escaping from the consequences of her guilt. By this odd device Miss Winsor again affirms her belief in the victory of amorous women over all circumstances.

In the final story, a twenty-nine-year-old doctor who has never known love is enamored of a strange and, of course, beautiful girl he meets in a Central American country. Curiously innocent and childish, she fascinates him to the point of insanity. She is able to make him imagine that he is being shaken by earthquakes and storms. But her greatest gift is her ability to appear as a kitten, as an enormous cat, and at last as a bloodthirsty panther. He strangles the creature and then, "quite lovingly stroked its head," only to find that it was the golden head of Dulcie, who lay dead in his arms. After the sexual tournaments in the novelette, it is possible that Miss Winsor had decided that she would be wise to end her book on some other note than physical love.

—HARRISON SMITH.

NAZI GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG: During the fall of Berlin the history of our century went perhaps on its most flamboyant

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binge. A fierce empire exploded then whose rulers displayed their talent for grim showmanship to the very end. Now we have the first novelization of the topic in James Wakefield Burke's **"The Big Rape"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3).

Unfortunately, his is not a good book. It takes more than research (of which Mr. Burke has done prodigious amounts) or journalistic skill (which these pages never lack) to transmute epic happenings into epic fiction. John Hersey turned the trick in "The Wall" because he could create the incredible melodrama of our times naturally and inevitably out of the stress and strivings of his characters. Mr. Burke, on the other hand, tries to fit some plot-convenient figures into the jet-propelled Götterdämmerung of the crashing of the Third Reich.

Lilo Margraf, as the story's heroine is called, experiences all the theatrical vicissitudes attending Berlin's spring days of 1945. She is the daughter of a wealthy food manufacturer who attempts to save himself and his family from the Russian-encircled capital by escaping to his hunting lodge. After the Soviet victory, Lilo's mother and sister become the sexual victims of two Red soldiers and Lilo returns to Berlin in order to avenge them. She succeeds, eventually, but before that she is made love to by one Bruno, who expounds Nazi metaphysics, and by an NKVD captain who explains the Communist philosophy. These lectures, though long, are interrupted; the rostrum is usually the bed.

Mr. Burke's repeated descriptions of Lilo makes it plain that she is a luscious creature, indeed more edible than credible. What is she like as a person? One can never quite make that out. The other people in "The Big Rape" could also do with two or three more dimensions. They are embodiments of national traits or of political colorations; they don't possess the complexities and the nuances which establish personality depth. What the author can produce, and produces brilliantly, are reportorial word-pictures of the factual background. But after these documentary bits, the heavy make-up and the glib camera angles of the plot take over.

—Frederic Morton.

HEROES IN A STORM: A native of Austria, P. E. Singer spent considerable time in Palestine as a pioneer before he felt the fury of the Nazis in the land of his birth. Thus he saw the Jews both in the lowest depths of their misery and in the early glorious days of their resettlement in the land of Israel. Upon this rich background of experience he has built a novel,

(*Continued on page 34*)

Science & Man. In the twentieth century, as we have had occasion to note on a number of occasions in the past, the robes of the philosopher have been donned more and more often by the scientist. Because his investigations deal directly with life, the biologist has been able to add to our understanding of man's relations with himself, his fellow men, and his environment. For example, by examining anew the Darwinian theory and its subsequent modifications, Rutgers biologist Ashley Montagu in "Darwin: Competition and Cooperation" (below) is able to provide insight into many of the problems currently perplexing the human race. In an even more ambitious work, "Man and His Gods" (page 20), New York University physiologist Homer W. Smith reexamines much of human history to construct a working philosophy of his own. Geographers aspire to the philosopher's role less frequently, but they are often able to reveal little appreciated influences on history, as Henry Chapin and F. G. Walton Smith do in their fine book about the Gulf Stream, "The Ocean River" (page 21). And our book-sea is increased by J. S. Douglas's "The Story of the Oceans" (page 31).

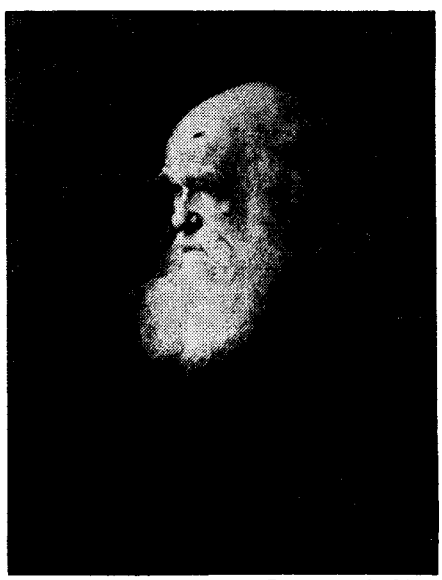
An Oasis in the Jungle

DARWIN: COMPETITION AND COOPERATION. By Ashley Montagu. New York: Henry Schuman. 148 *pp.* $2.50.

By Edmund W. Sinnott

IT is the fate of almost every great scientific generalization to seem at first more simple than it really is. An unfortunate result is that conclusions drawn from an early and imperfect understanding of it may be incorrect and lead to serious consequences.

That this is true for Darwin's theory of natural selection is the thesis of Dr. Montagu's stimulating little volume. Like most laymen today, Darwin himself and the majority of his early interpreters regarded the "struggle for existence" as exactly that—a life-and-death competition between individual living things in which only the strongest and best adapted survive.



—The Bettmann Archive.

Darwin—"biological justification."

This idea provided biological justification for a society where industrial competition was violent and unrestrained and where, as in Victorian England, "the favored classes were preserved in the struggle for existence, whereas those who inherited no property and were forced to work for a living would leave nothing to transmit to their progeny but their sins." Karl Marx seized upon it as the foundation for his conception of the class struggle, and for almost a century it has often been used to defend exploitation of the weak by the strong. The author shows how natural such an interpretation of his theory was for a man of Darwin's day and social status.

That it is too narrow a view of natural selection was maintained by a few early Darwinians, notably Kropotkin, and their number has greatly increased in recent decades. These men have shown, in the light of a clearer understanding of the method of evolution, that the process involves not only cut-throat competition but a very considerable degree of social cooperation, as well. An important contribution of Dr. Montagu's book is that it not only presents the arguments for this conclusion but an extensive bibliography of those who have supported it.

The author points out that much of

Edmund W. Sinnott is professor of botany and dean of the Graduate School at Yale University. He is the author of "Principles of Genetics" and other works.

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the success or failure of an organism results not from direct competition with others but from the degree of adaptation to its environment. Each has its particular "ecological niche" and in some types success depends on actual avoidance of competition. Furthermore, as modern students of evolution have shown, "survival of the fittest" is a misleading phrase, for not individual but reproductive survival is what counts, the ability to leave behind a large number of mature progeny.

In this sometimes harsh process a selective premium will be given those which develop some degree of cooperation, beginning with the parent-offspring relation and going on to more complex social patterns. The prototype of this may perhaps be seen even in the organization of the body itself, where the activity of every cell is related to that of all the rest. Both in the individual and the group, also, it is not always a particular structure or behavior that leads to survival but an innate adaptability that enables it to succeed under many environments and to change as conditions alter.

The author should perhaps have given greater emphasis to the fact that much more is involved in the selective process than competition and cooperation alone. There are various degrees of both, and other kinds of relationships between living things. Parasitism, symbiosis, and the complex interactions involving nutrition and inhibition are important. The waste products of one type of bacterium, for example, may provide the necessary food for another but may prevent the growth of a third. Haskell's more inclusive term "coaction" is useful in covering the whole range of organic interrelationships.

The author takes pains to make it clear that his position is not opposed to Darwin's theory but extends it. He admits that much real "struggle" does take place and is important in evolution. Let us not forget, too, that in human history complex and cooperative societies have not always survived and that many civilizations have been wiped out in blood by the barbarians.

That the theory of natural selection can be used to justify a social order based on cooperation, and that morality and altruism have their roots in the evolutionary process itself, are comforting thoughts at a time when the world seems unable to settle its problems by any other means than violent struggle. The most notable contribution of this thought-provoking book is that more benign qualities actually have great value for human survival and should therefore be actively cultivated.

—Nineteenth-century cartoon from the Bettmann Archive.

MR. BERGH TO THE RESCUE

The Defrauded Gorilla. "That *Man* wants to claim my Pedigree. He says he is one of my Descendants."

Mr. Bergh. "Now, Mr. Darwin, how could you insult him so?"

Circles of Belief

MAN AND HIS GODS. By Homer W. Smith. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 501 pp. $5.

By JOSEPH NEYER

SOME of the chapters of this unusual book provide the kind of exciting reading that one associates with the late nineteenth century, when "popular science" was a serious effort on the part of men of intellectual power to acquaint their audience with the implications of contemporary science and research.

In an anti-intellectual era such as ours, when it is considered naive to attempt a reasoned view of the scientific evidence concerning man's place in nature, it is refreshing to find a man who wants to speak his piece and take his stand. It is especially refreshing to find a biologist unafraid to venture beyond his own "special field" and eager to give an account of the historical background of Western religious thought and to assess its significance. And in a period of general surrender to forces that reward the writer of obscurantism, it is good to encounter a man whose dominant impulse is to speak unambiguously. For these reasons this book can be appreciated by those who do not share the obvious naturalistic standpoint from which it is written.

A more accurate title for the book would have been, "Notebooks of a Biologist on the History of Religion and on Related Intellectual History." The notes begin with a "Prologue" that sets the tone of the discussion by providing the temporal perspective of the geologist. The basic fact of the past, and of the future, is that man and the anthropoid apes constitute a natural biological group, known as the superfamily Hominoidea. "The whole history of civilization comprises scarcely more than 300 generations." (Divide 6,000 years by twenty, the age of a generation.) Professor Smith then

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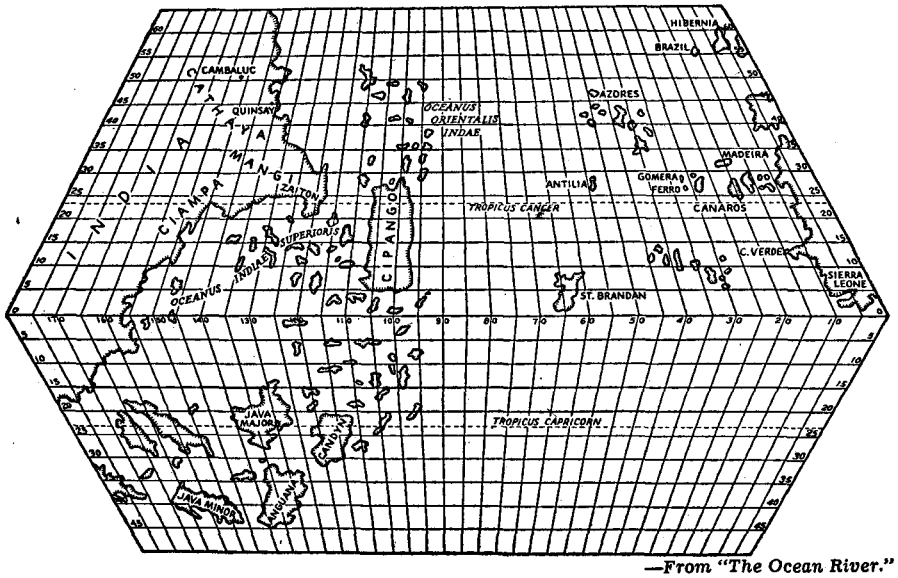
leads us through the maze of theological ideas and religious and magical practices of ancient Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia, Syria and Israel, Greece and Rome. Throughout his account the emphasis is placed upon the interrelations among the ancient cultures. And when he begins to discuss the origins of Christianity he is fully prepared to demonstrate its almost complete dependence upon the pagan past. "The truly novel features in Jesus's morality" sprang "from the apocalyptic expectation that this world's affairs were to be liquidated by an impending catastrophe. . . ."

Among the highlights in the author's discussions of later Christianity, we should mention his account of the inquisitions against witchcraft. The illuminating insights which are developed concerning the sociology of suspicion and prosecution by secret testimony contain important lessons for 1952, which the author allows to remain implicit. And the section on the development of Darwinian theory and its struggles to receive a hearing is a dramatic story of more recent intellectual events that needed retelling.

Now, we are happy to welcome this biologist among the ranks of cultural and intellectual historians. We cannot welcome, however, the attitude of Albert Einstein, as expressed in his one-page foreword to the book when he says, "This is a biologist speaking, whose scientific training has disciplined him in a grim objectivity rarely found in the pure historian." The time is past when social scientists and historians need feel apologetic and inadequate with regard to "objectivity" whenever a physicist or biologist approaches their domains. And, as a matter of fact, there are unique requirements of objectivity in the scientific study of culture which call for a special discipline and are not as easily acquired by the student of the "natural sciences" as is sometimes supposed.

Despite his "grim objectivity," a deeper sociological awareness would have led Professor Smith to avoid the sharp chasm which he creates between the "mythic ideas" of the past and the values upon which he takes his stand for the future. Such awareness would have led him to see with Nietzsche that the "ethic of truth" and the moral demand that we speak unambiguously are, at least in part, an outgrowth of the tradition of Christian piety. Moreover, a deeper knowledge of the history of Western thought would have led him to see that the science upon which he takes his stand had some of its important intellectual tools forged in that same Socratic-Platonic tradition, which is for him the source of all evil. It would have been altogether consistent for Professor Smith to retain his naturalism while envisaging greater continuity in human thought and aspiration. Here it is also relevant to point to his failure to utilize sufficiently the insights of social anthropology and psychoanalysis with respect to the function of religious thought and action in the integration of social institutions and in the ordering of human emotion.

Despite these deficiencies, this is a book to be welcomed. It contains a richness of fascinating material in the history of religions. For many it will bring to life in a provocative manner issues that should not be forgotten. In an era in which the degree of doctor of philosophy is awarded for poultry raising and for following the behavior of rats in mazes, many will glean from this book their first acquaintance with the stirring debates of the nineteenth century concerning human destiny.



—From "The Ocean River."

Toscanelli's map (1474) used by Columbus in his first voyage across the Atlantic.

A Giant's Grip

THE OCEAN RIVER. By Henry Chapin and F. G. Walton Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 325 pp. $3.50.

By JOHN SCOTT DOUGLAS

ALL too frequently scientists look upon their specialty from the viewpoint of blind men determining the design of an elephant by fingering its different parts. The fortunate collaboration of Henry Chapin, historian and anthropologist, and F. G. Walton Smith, oceanographer and marine biologist, avoids any such myopic viewpoint.

In "The Ocean River" they examine the geologic forces that formed the earth and the Atlantic basin, the evolving life of the seas and the continents, and the legendary and known explorations of pre-Columbian and later years. What makes their work unique, however, is the utilization for perhaps the first time of oceanographical and meteorological findings to show how natural forces have shaped Western civilization. In the author's interpretation, the history of the Atlantic community was directed in large part by the interrelation of natural forces and those of mankind, not alone by human endeavor.

The focus of their study is the Ocean River that sweeps in a great gyre between the North Atlantic shores. It begins when waters expanding under the equatorial sun are driven westward by the steady trade winds. Blocked by the Caribbean land mass, this salt river pushes through the Florida Straits as the torrential Gulf Stream, a thousand flood-stage Mississippis in size, and rushes past our eastern coast, holding back the southward thrust of cold Polar seas, and shedding currents that raise the temperatures of the Arctic and Northern Europe. In its spiraling southeastward movement it also tempers Northwest Africa's climate as well.

The Ocean River's present course is in part geologic accident, in part due to the tendency of moving objects to spin clockwise in the northern hemisphere. The accident was a geologic shift that closed the Isthmus of Panama. The great river was forced northward, and the northern icecap retreated to end the last glacial period.

This sweeping salt river has given American and European shores an

(*Continued on page* 31)

John Scott Douglas is the author of "Seven Seas" and "The Story of the Oceans."

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The Living Language

WHEN John Russell Bartlett published his "Dictionary of Americanisms" a little more than a century ago, he challenged a popular assumption about the development of language in general and the American language in particular.

The assumption or notion held that language tends to deteriorate under the pressure of dialect and slang. Bartlett contended that the "natural tendency of a language is to improve." He saw dialect as an endless source of new strength. He believed that the process of natural selection would retain only the most useful expressions in each dialect.

As for the invasion of slang, Bartlett was untroubled by the perennial war between literary language and the vernacular. He refused to accept the view that in such a struggle the literary language inevitably came out second best. The language of books, he was convinced, exerted the primary influence on American English. He regarded writers as the principal protectors of and providers for a strong language. He was confident that good books would continue to be the best circulator of good words, and that they could be trusted to incorporate the best of the colloquial while rejecting the slovenly. Such slang as was absorbed into the bloodstream of the language would have a tonic effect.

Seen from today's perspective, Bartlett is vindicated on all counts. The dialects have enriched the language. Even in Bartlett's time, people were getting used to such words as *ranch, lariat, lasso, fandango, tortilla, chile, mesa, canyon,* and *stampede* from the Spanish; or *bayou, levee, banquet(te), distrait, echelon, ennui, bizarre, charlatan, commode,* and *chiffon* from the French; or *chipmunk, moose, raccoon, skunk, persimmon, pecan, maize, tobacco, hominy, succotash, tapioca, canoe, hammock, moccasin,* and *sagamore* from the American Indians. And there has been a continuing healthy accretion from the dialects ever since.

As for the supposed threat from slang or the vernacular—a threat periodically invoked by well-meaning purists—any term coming into common usage has to run a pretty long gauntlet. It is not under-use that kills slang so much as over-use. Sudden and drenching popularity is as hard on words as it is on actors and authors. Slang has to survive the quick enthusiasm it generates in order to avoid the inevitable graveyard of exhausted stereotypes. It has to insinuate itself into the language; it cannot pressure or push its way in. Many of the colloquial expressions of Bartlett's time, good enough to make his "Dictionary of Americanisms," weren't good enough for the long haul. One never hears today such verbs as *to gaum* (for smear), or *to mizzle* (for abscond), or *to rail it* (for taking the train), or *to shingle* (for spank). Or such nouns as *hurryment* (for confusion), or *cooling board* (for mortician's slab), or *chirk* (for good spirits), or *Hunkers* (for political conservatives), or *red-eye* (for strong whiskey), or *squaddy* (for short and fat), or *jigamaree* (for nonsense).

The words that stuck were the ones that seemed to come out of nowhere, slowly. Bartlett was impressed with the staying power of what were then such colloquial expressions as *in cahoots, plug-ugly, hopping mad, to chisel, conniption fit, to boss, heap, let up, let on, let be, to make tracks, dirt* (for earth), *engineer, elegant, ilk, knock-down and drag-out, knocked into a cocked hat, knock-kneed, to offset, play possum, pull up stakes, pull wool over the eyes,* or *row to hoe.* All these are now fairly standard items of speech and writing.

On the other hand, few of the standard similes of Bartlett's time are in general usage today. *As straight as a loon's leg,* or *as smiling as a basket of chips,* or *as straight as a shingle,* or *as dry as the clerk of a lime-kiln,* or *as crooked as a Virginia fence,* or *as melancholy as a Quaker meeting-house by moonlight,* or *as wrathy as a militia officer on a training-day*—all these were part of everyday speech a century ago. A few similes, however, are still stock items of conversation: *as crazy as a bedbug,* or *big as all out-of-doors,* or *slick as greased lightning, or happy as a clam at high-water.*

What bothered Bartlett far more than the incursions of dialect or colloquialisms were stiff-necked words created by "educated men, and particularly by the clergy." This group, he said, which "ought to be the conservators rather than the perverters of language," was responsible for such linguistic abominations as the verbs *to doxologize, to happify, to difficult, to donate, to funeralize, to fellowship,* etc. Such hard-sounding concoctions, he believed, were only a cut above the teachings of "priggish pedagogues" who favored such impossible constructions as "I feel very *badly*" or "You look *charmingly.*"

HAPPILY for the United States, Bartlett said, it has a vigorous political system. Americans could always count on political campaigning or just the sheer mechanism of political organization to provide an endless supply of juicy, appetizing new expressions. Generally, these words were obscure regional products but were snapped up by candidates or political writers with a good ear for vivid language. Among the words or phrases thus given wide and enduring currency were *flash in the pan, to cave in, bark up the wrong tree, to fizzle out, to lobby, to gerrymander, to splurge, wire-puller, fire-eater, Know-Nothing, bunkum, mileage, stamping ground,* etc.

Abraham Lincoln contributed more than his fair share of Americanisms to the language; so did Andrew Jackson, Ulysses Grant, Zachary Taylor, and the two Roosevelts. And, unless we miss our guess, the current Presidential race ought to be especially productive. One of the candidates has as much fun with words as any man who ever aspired to the White House, and the other has at least thirty years of Army life behind him. Whatever the state of the nation, the American language ought to do pretty well.—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Fish Story

▶ IF CREDIBLE, "The Old Man and the Sea" [*SR* Sept. 6] would be a boys' adventure story, given depth by tragedy and foul words, and style through expansion in an attempt at simplicity.

In its first sentence, which is swamped by circumlocution, "had gone" is extended into the present with "now"; and "who fished alone" is contradicted by the second sentence, "In the first forty days a boy had been with him," itself contradicted by the third sentence which, with "In" and "had been" forgotten, opens "But after forty days"!

I give up, but were only books about the sea not the rage lately, it might have been titled "The Old Man and the Fish."

To wade through its first sentence, "He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish": not even a flying fish? Just think, a lone old man, his Gulf-Stream skiff, eighty-four days, and nary a fish. Now here's a fish story that has a twist—that is, until the unravelment. Too bad it could hardly be true; cut to a few paragraphs it would make sensational copy in Cuba.

WILLIAM P. BRAUNSTEIN, JR.
Weehawken, N. J.

Invaded Sanctuary

▶ "THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA" is tedious and cruel, and especially cruel to the poor fish! I felt no sympathy with the old man who did what so many humans like to do, invade the sanctuary of God's creatures and torment them.

In the Gulf Stream the old man hooks a marlin and after three days of torturing it on the hook he finally harpoons it. When the sharks came alongside and ate it I thought "good, he deserved that." But if on the other hand the marlin or the sharks had pursued the old man ashore and there attacked him—on his own territory—I would have felt duly sorry for him.

Contrary to what some would like us to believe, there can be no moral or spiritual values in such a tale. Unfortunately, men will continue to invade the forests and shoot the deer, they will call it "sport" to go big-game hunting in Africa and to shoot birds as long as they get them "on the wing."

I should like to think that mine is not the only small "voice crying in the wilderness" for all the hunted, and that perhaps your reviewer, Carlos Baker, and the other rave critics are too much prejudiced in Hemingway's favor.

MARGARET N. TAYLOR.
New York, N. Y.

Too Much Praise?

▶ THE REVIEWS of Ernest Hemingway's "The Old Man and the Sea" currently compose a dreadful commentary on the entire quizzical custom of literary criticism, and your Professor Carlos Baker's is one of the very worst examples. Just a few years ago when Mr. Hemingway published "Across the River and Into the Trees" the critics took immense delight in throwing him into the gutter and jumping on him, with glee. Now they are going to the opposite extreme. Mr. H., to my mind, wasn't as bad as the critics thought him to be then, and he isn't as good as the present hysteria tries to make out. What is being hailed as a classic novel is an excellent long short story, not a novel or even a novelette. When the learned Professor Baker is reminded by the chief character of Melville's Ahab, Whitman's Columbus, and Sandburg's Lincoln, and also drags in King Lear and his "shark-hearted daughters," he is talking through his hat. Still more ridiculous is Professor Baker when he tries to read symbolism into the story. I gravely doubt if Mr. Hemingway intended any symbolism with Christ.

I believe Mr. Hemingway's story is suffering because of the overboard literary reviews about it. The whole whoopla is making readers expect too much, and then they are disappointed. I feel this is a gratuitous insult and a thoughtless disservice to good writing.

THEODORE PRATT.
New York, N. Y.

Ace's High

▶ THERE WOULD SEEM to be little need to remark again on the great growth and improvement of *The Saturday Review* during the past few years, but of the several specialists you have engaged Mr. Ace seems to me to provide the most consistently lively, wise, and witty comment in his field.

He must be a man of superhuman strength of character, for the temptation to devote his space each week to a hilarious description of another already weak and helpless television effort must be well nigh irresistible. At any rate, he's the only magazine commentator on television that I know of who *is* resisting it.

NUNNALLY JOHNSON.
Hollywood, Calif.

Choice to Turn

▶ LISTON POPE'S ARTICLE "Does Faith Impair Freedom?" [*SR* Sept. 6] will surely help to clear the atmosphere of those half-truths and half-thoughts which seek to equate superstition and single-mindedness to a belief in God. Congratulations to *SR* for publishing a discussion on religion and freedom that is both wholly valid and intelligently put.

Freedom must mean freedom of thought as well as freedom of action and, in turn, there is no intellectual and philosophical liberty if we are not free to consider and to seek our religious convictions as well as our political or economic inclinations. If the great institutions such as the press and the universities whereby man communicates with man do not offer full opportunity of expression to the proponents of religion as well as the protagonists of irreligion, they have blocked off a great chunk of the field to which they are dedicated and cease to serve a useful or a proper function.

ROBERT L. BLACK.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"You can't bring that popcorn in here."

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Seeing Things

BLITHE SPIRIT

WITH reason the lights on New York's and London's theatres were dimmed in memory of Gertrude Lawrence the night after her funeral. They came on again within a minute, seeming to burn as brightly as they had before she died. But this was only an illusion. It fooled no one who had ever seen her.

Miss Lawrence was one of the irreplaceable performers of our times. One of the irreplaceable people, too. Even when she was a scraggly, long-legged girl of thirteen—"one of Pharaoh's lean kine," as her grandmother described her with a loving relative's frankness—there was something about her that was different. A friend of her father had the perception to realize this. "You've got something, Gertie," this older woman said, thereby proving herself to be one of the more reliable of latter-day prophets.

Most assuredly, Miss Lawrence did have something. It was not one thing; it was many things; and in time all of them united to form a sort of grand alliance of endowments which made her resplendently unlike anyone else.

There were dancers who could dance better than she. There were singers whose voices were truer. There were women who were greater beauties. There were actresses who proved their deeper abilities by testing their strength in more important plays. Yet none of them combined in their persons all the gifts and graces which set Miss Lawrence apart.

When she danced—when, for example, she sent her huge hoopskirt dipping and billowing to the rhythm of the polka in "The King and I"—no one bothered to remember other dancers. They recognized only Miss Lawrence. She was the epitome of grace, and did not cease her dancing when the music stopped. Even when she walked across a stage or romped on a sofa, she moved with a dancer's lightness.

Miss Lawrence did not have to sing like an angel to sound like one. No one could capture more completely than she the lilt and nuances of such a ballad as "Jenny" in "Lady in the Dark." Or be funnier and rowdier in such a parody of a music hall turn as the sailor bit in "Red Peppers." Or more enslave an audience than she did when she took possession of "Limehouse Blues." No one could be more alluring than when in "Private Lives" she surrendered to the sentiment of "Some Day I'll Find You." Or more captivatingly gay than when in "The King and I" she swung round the stage to "Shall We Dance?" She may sometimes have failed a song, but she never failed to put over a number. Even toward the end when she was very tired and some of the high notes eluded her, her speaking voice was in itself a song, rippling and lovely and glowing with warmth.

When it comes to beauty, Miss Lawrence had long ago, in Noel Coward's phrase, appropriated it to herself. Though by her own admission she was plain as a child, she became one of the most glamorous of women. She was lithe and slim, and had great style. Her face, with its ever-shining eyes, its up-turned nose, and mobile mouth, was never in repose. Its animation was so sparkling and incessant that it created the impression of beauty. Certainly, because of its vivacity it possessed an interest and an invitation unknown in women with more perfect features whose becalmed faces are merely beautiful and therefore dull.

WHETHER Miss Lawrence dreamed about the theatre, no one has disclosed. But during all her waking hours she was an actress, carrying the theatre with her wherever she happened to be. By temperament and training, and because of the supercharge of personality and energy which was hers, her every appearance on stage and off was an entrance. Life for her was an unending show, and she always put on a good one, giving it everything she had.

Miss Lawrence did not bother with

—Culver.

—Vandamm.

Miss Gertrude Lawrence at the poles of her career: "Charlot's Revue of 1924" and "The King and I"—"you've got something, Gertie!"

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What Is a Star?

IN every great theatrical artist there is ambition and industry. These qualities beget craftsmanship. In every great theatrical artist there is the capacity for human understanding and sympathy. In a star—in a true star of the theatre—there are all these things . . . and one thing more! And that one thing is mystic and intangible. It cannot be learned or imitated. It belongs to its owner and to no one else. It is a kind of glow that emanates from only one, and communicates itself to all. It is just as unearthly as the glow of a heavenly star, and just as hard to explain—harder perhaps, because astronomers and mathematicians have learned more about stars in the sky than producers or authors or critics have been able to learn about stars in the theatre.

This magic light is not always with them. You might be sitting across a table from one of them and not be conscious of it. It is a light that begins to shine only after all the lights in the auditorium of a theatre have gone out. Then, up there on the stage, you see it—and feel it—and succumb to it. Gertrude had this light.

—OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2ND,
at the funeral of Gertrude Lawrence.

the Greeks, Shakespeare, and Ibsen. "Pygmalion" was the only standard work in which she acted, and then with marked success. Hers was not the theatre of the classics. It was of a different kind. It was neither literary nor formidable. It was a place of delight, a palace of unashamed make-believe and beguilement. It offered sanctuary to those whose search was for entertainment and enchantment. Miss Lawrence knew and treasured the importance of pleasure. By giving it she rightly won both importance for herself and an enormous and devoted following.

She was a far brighter and more beckoning star than those shown at the Hayden Planetarium. Her skill was as extraordinary as her versatility. She could do almost anything—and did. She could play seriously, as in "Susan and God," and by her magic persuade audiences to take seriously even the psychoanalysis offered them in "Lady in the Dark." But until she achieved the full serenity and control of her Anna, comedy was her forte; the kind of comedy she played to perfection in "Private Lives" and in the

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laughing sketches in "Tonight at 8:30."

Miss Lawrence was a musical comedy performer who, though she grew into an admirable actress, had gifts which the legitimate theatre could not release. For the full freeing of her powers she needed the singing, dancing, color, and direct communication with an audience made possible by the poster-like values of a musical.

She was charming and irresistible when in 1924 she first conquered New York in "Charlot's Revue" and Manhattanites sang:

Lillie and Lawrence,
Lawrence and Lillie,
If you haven't seen them
You are perfectly silly.

In the following years she remained equally charming and no less hard to resist. Although sometimes her enthusiasm was greater than her discrimination and her exuberance misled her into overplaying, Miss Lawrence was a performer who continued to grow. It was as an actress who had mastered the legitimate stage and her own ebullience that she added to the delights of such a musical as "The King and I" by giving the most glowing and disciplined performance of her career.

Restraint cannot have come easily to her. Her spirit was too buoyant to be harnessed. Her vitality was tremendous. Compared to Miss Lawrence, a windmill in a hurricane seemed lethargic. She was as extravagant with her energies as she was overgenerous with her money. She never spared herself. No entertainer worked harder during the war, first for the British, and then for our own troops. In the midst of long runs and strenuous tours she was forever rushing to the aid of charities and taking on outside tasks. To play Anna, you might think, would have been a full-time job. Not for Miss Lawrence. She was giving a course in acting at Columbia and had become so excited about it that only illness could keep her away.

Playgoers responded to this warmth of hers. It leapt across the footlights. Even people who had never seen her realized that her heart was as big as her talent. This was one of the reasons she was loved with unique affection, and men and women everywhere felt a sense of personal loss when they heard of her sudden death. They realized that something gay, ornamental, and delectable had gone out of their lives. Something good, too.

Miss Lawrence seemed like the most fortunate of worldings. The outer gloss of the International Set appeared to be hers. She could sound English, look French, and be the perfect expression of American rhythms and the American tempo. But alluring as she was as the symbol of Mayfair and Park Avenue, she never lost touch with nor denied the simplicities of her upbringing in Clapham. This was one of the most winning things about her, and a source of her wide appeal.

She was so vital a part of the gaiety of our past and present and such a guarantee that gaiety would endure that it is hard to lose her. Without Miss Lawrence the theatre is undoubtedly diminished. But this we must say to comfort ourselves. She died at that luckiest of times—when the tide was high. She was too young in spirit and looks ever to be asked to face the humiliations of age.

—John Mason Brown.

Broadway Postscript

SURFEITED with the "Billy Budd"s and "Mr. Roberts"s in which injustice must bow to rank, enlisted men can now rejoice that Broadway has a play where an Able Seaman gets away with punching a Chief Petty Officer. The rejoicing is apt to be brief, however, as "Seagulls Over Sorrento" has little else with which to woo the discriminating playgoer.

The play concerns a group of British sailors working on a dangerous peacetime experimental project on a bleak North Sea rock which they jokingly name Sorrento. There is plenty of plot but no real story, and it is only the capable performances of Pat O'Malley and his all-boy band that keep Hugh Hastings's sentimental comedy from going figuratively on the rocks.

The play has lasted three years in London, possibly because the cockney humor and sticky patriotism evoke from Britishers the kind of immediate response comic actors must have in order to take charge of their audience. Over here the cast must run for it, for the seagulls who soared so strongly in their native habitat, seem, in the less friendly atmosphere of a foreign country, a grounded flock of lame terns.

—Henry Hewes.

Drama Notes

THE INCIPIENT & THE INSIPID: The one-act play is the misfit of our commercial theatre. Only three or four times a decade does a Broadway producer dare to present an evening of short pieces. Yet the past fourteen years of Margaret Mayorga's anthologies have included distinguished first efforts by playwrights who have gone on to bigger and better things in the world of drama.

The current crop, **"The Best One-act Plays of 1951-1952"** (Dodd, Mead, $3) is a worthy one, but in general the plays are short on originality and well-defined styles. Included in the volume are folk pieces by E. P. Conkle and Peter John Stephens, some soul-searching attempts by Theodore Apstein, Howard Stein, Eric Kocher, and Arthur Kelly, a racial play by Goldie Lake, jobs of slick playwriting by Nicholas Bela and Hedda Rosten, and a morality-fantasy by Stanley Richards.

Playwriting Professor Conkle's dialect-ridden skit about a boy who comes to understand himself and God in an afternoon of comic violence is probably the best play in the book and should be exempted from the general charge of staleness. Also, Stanley Richards's piece about a group of Brooklyn characters who think they might be better off in different circumstances contains imagination and some fresh humor.

—H. H.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
LILY IN HER COFFIN *Ben Benson* (Mill-Morrow: $2.50)	State Detective Wade Paris (New England boy) tangles with *haute politique*, wraps up mayoress's murder.	Some artless spots, but yarn has good pace and is free from gimmicks.	Plus mark
UNFAIR COMMENT UPON SOME VICTORIAN MURDER TRIALS *Jack Smith-Hughes* (British Book Centre: $4.50)	Seven British capital cases, '70s-'80s, all likely to be brand-new to American readers, reviewed by legal authority.	Admirable presentation, erring (if at all) on side of over-detail; told with great skill, telling wit.	Good

—Sergeant Cuff.

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SR Goes to the Movies

IN AND OUT OF THE RUT

—From "Just For You."

". . . Bing has charmed Ethel Barrymore into a tizzy."

PAT DUGGAN is a gentleman whom some Hollywood cognoscenti regard as representing the new look in producers. He rose to his present job at Paramount through none of the methods so dear to the novelists who fictionally explore Hollywood, but by working as a successful literary agent, Broadway producer, studio story editor, assistant to Samuel Goldwyn, and vice president of the Goldwyn Corporation. These would seem qualifications enough. "Just for You," a musical, is his first project for Paramount, and it stars such genial and eminent people as Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman, and Ethel Barrymore. Other eminent names are in the list of credits: Elliot Nugent as director, Helen Tamiris, choreographer, Robert Carson, screenwriter. More names are available. John Van Druten is reputed to have done some of the story treatment, and a short story, "Famous," by Stephen Vincent Benét, furnished the basis for the movie.

Mr. Duggan's general idea, a studio representative has informed me, was to do something different in the way of a musical. In fact, the studio has used the term "musical-drama" to describe the offering, implying that not only does it have a series of song-and-dance numbers, but that it tells a story of substance as well. "Just for You" started out as a non-musical, and it was Mr. Duggan who seems to have seen its latent potential for musical treatment.

We find Bing Crosby as a successful song-writer turned play-producer. His newest effort is a musical starring Jane Wyman, whom we find singing, dancing, and revealing a truly excellent pair of legs. This backstage stuff soon dissipates, as though the people involved had become aware that no new ground was as yet being broken, and the story concentrates instead on the home life of Bing Crosby, widower and father of a girl in her early teens and a boy who has just reached the shaving age. Father has been so busy being successful that he hasn't had much time to spend on the problems of his kids. Little Barbara has her heart set on getting into a fancy private school run by Ethel Barrymore. Serious enough, but even more serious is the case of young Jerry, for the devil has gotten into his flesh and *his* heart has become set on Jane Wyman, a lady of thirty-five or so. She, in turn, has her heart set on Bing, who would like to achieve a rapprochement with his kids before matrimony again.

Another thing Jerry has his heart set on is being a big-time song writer. He plays a song of his own composition for Bing who, in a not particularly tactful manner, tells him that the song sounds like a thousand other routine efforts. No heart in it, no zing. Whereupon Bing sings a song that does have zing—in fact, I believe it's called "Zing"—and damned if I could tell which song was better. Jerry, not entirely daunted, and quite rightly so, eventually pours his heart into a song about Jane Wyman, and this one, all are bound to admit, truly has zing. Not that this makes Jerry particularly happy, for by now he has discovered that Miss Wyman has only motherly affection for him, while reserving the ardency of her nature for Bing. Barbara, by the way, gets into the fancy private school, after Bing has charmed Ethel Barrymore into a tizzy. This fooled me, because I kept thinking Barbara would wind up in a public school. Nor was I entirely satisfied by the wind-up, which has Jerry giving up his claims on Miss Wyman. Seems to me that trouble might eventually brew in the household for, with both Jerry and Bing getting older, sooner or later the advantage could go to the younger man.

I can't say that the concoction struck me as entirely pleasant, change from the usual formula though it does represent. We will then give Mr. Duggan E for the Effort to get out of a clearly discernible rut.

THIS rut could hardly be better exemplified than by another Paramount musical called "Somebody Loves Me." Here we have that dreary pattern about some oldtime vaudeville stars who hoof and sing their way into the Palace and whatever glories are left after that. This one purports to be the musical biography of Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields; they are played, respectively, by Betty Hutton and Ralph Meeker. Miss Hutton behaves in an offensively strident way, and Mr. Meeker seems lost and

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bewildered among the long series of clichés.

Both of the above productions somehow manage to make all the more clear the relatively enduring qualities of "The Merry Widow," with its Lehar score that, by now, is encrusted with nostalgia for a multitude of people. For its fourth Hollywood turn M-G-M has mounted a slightly wondrous production—settings prettier than a picture postcard, sumptuous rooms, huge marble staircases, and chandeliered ballrooms. Lana Turner makes a fetching widow, especially in the underwear designed for her, and Fernando Lamas, as Count Danilo of the tiny kingdom of Marshovia, dashes around energetically in his efforts to appear dashing. I must confess I didn't mind either of them, for they seemed to be enjoying themselves. Neither has a voice of any stature whatsoever, but the music sounded pleasant nevertheless. There are times when the froth doesn't rise very high and the champagne seems flat, but there are some good comic moments provided by Richard Haydn, who ought to be given a lot more work, and by John Abbott. I also enjoyed Una Merkel, whom I haven't seen for some time. The dances by Jack Cole are effective, as this sort of thing goes. I was startled occasionally by the English translations of the lyrics. "I'm going to Maxim's," I think I heard, "to squander my centimes." Ah, Hollywood!

—Hollis Alpert.

SR Recommends

O. Henry's Full House: A quintet of O. Henry stories generally well translated to the film medium. (*SR* Sept. 13).

Beauty and the Devil: The Faust legend imbued by René Clair with his unique kind of frolic. (*SR* Sept. 13.)

You for Me: The Golden Rule takes a beating in a minor but entertaining comedy. (*SR* Aug. 30.)

The Quiet Man: John Ford goes back to the Old Sod to discover the loves and sports of Irishmen. (*SR* Aug. 23.)

The Big Sky: An engrossing and highly scenic screen adaptation of A. B. Guthrie Jr.'s novel. (*SR* Aug. 16.)

Son of Paleface: Bob Hope in a "wild man" film reminiscent of Keaton and Lloyd. (*SR* Aug. 9.)

Ivanhoe: A somewhat denatured but still splendiferous mounting of Scott's Norman-Saxon classic. (*SR* Aug. 2.)

Carrie: An absorbing match with Laurence Olivier's talent combatting his lack of verisimilitude in Dreiser's part. (*SR* July 12.)

High Noon: A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a pictorially vivid apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

TV and Radio

GROUCHO MARX VS. THE PEOPLE

I thought I might regale you with a few intimate stories about a man whom I affectionately call my friend, presently occupied in the rather opprobrious business of operating a quiz show on radio and television. These few vignettes may help clear up for you, as they did long ago for me, the reason his quiz program is so far ahead of the others. I refer, of course, to Groucho Marx and "You Bet Your Life."

A mild-mannered, soft- but often-spoken man, Groucho is enchanted by people, not so much by people *per se*, but rather for the dialogue he is able to draw from them by a special off-beat type of kindly questioning both on and off the mediums in which he works. These stories take place off the mediums.

I'll skip the mad compulsions which drive him to sudden conversation with people—as for instance that day we walked past St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue, where a small wedding was taking place, and as the bride passed us Groucho softly tapped her on the shoulder and said, "I tried it twice, it's no good." I'll never forget the utter confusion behind that veil as she went in trying to recall which relative he was. She knew she had seen him somewhere.

It's in the New York shops where Groucho has his field day. On the streets he is recognized, since he looks exactly as he does on the TV screens. But when he approaches salespeople with sudden questions they seem to be thrown into such a first-degree state of frenzy trying to come up with sudden answers that they doubt their sanity, which tells them that this is Groucho Marx.

We went into a haberdashery shop in a building where there was a sign: "Arthur Murray Dance School." The eager salesman came toward us and Groucho quietly asked, "Where are the girls?" The salesman pulled up short.

"Girls?"

"Yes, the Arthur Murray Girls."

"Oh—that's upstairs."

Groucho looked apologetic.

"They don't open till noon," the salesman continued.

Groucho looked crushed. I said I'd like to see a tie and we went to the ties. Groucho wandered off and was soon seen in a far corner of the shop holding up the most vicious red plaid shirt I'd ever seen.

"That's a very nice shirt," the salesman called over.

"Is it pure wool?" Groucho asked. "I sweat a lot when I dance."

There followed a long discourse about all the Arthur Murray girls Groucho said he had danced with in his life, and the salesman confided that he once knew a dancing girl, and we were off.

In front of Saks Fifth Avenue stood a barker announcing the bus for Chinatown leaving in ten minutes.

"How much?" asked Groucho.

"Dollar and a half," the barker replied. "Leaves in ten minutes."

"That's a lot of money," said Groucho. "Do they have real Chinese down there now? I hear they get a lot of men and make 'em up to look like Chinese."

"Oh no," said the barker, "there are more Chinese now than ever. Since the war."

"Which war was that?" Groucho wanted to know.

The man shifted his argument. "Bus leaves in five minutes. Better hurry. How about it?"

"Well, we'll sleep on it," said Groucho and we went into Saks, where a man was trying on a pair of shoes, while his wife, a bejeweled, beminked dowager stood by holding a dog.

"How much for the dog, Miss?" asked Groucho.

This took some explaining ("This dog is not for sale") and some apologizing ("Excuse me, I thought you were a salesgirl") followed by some long dialogue about breeding in humans as well as in animals.

NEXT it was an art shop, where it seems on an earlier visit Groucho had toyed with the idea of buying a painting. The nice little old Frenchman recalled Groucho vaguely and then Grouch introduced me.

"This is Mr. Zimmerman," he said pointing to me. "He's from the tax department. Now tell him what you told me how I could buy this painting and beat the Government out of the money by deducting it from my income tax."

Groucho subsequently bought the painting. The price was exorbitant, but I'm sure it helped pay for the little man's nervous breakdown.

At home in Beverly Hills Groucho leads a more sedentary, but still ridiculous, life. I'll tell you about it next time. —Goodman Ace.

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—*MARY MCGRORY, *Washington Star*

"Deft, moving, genuine, at once tough and compassionate . . . one does not often get from fiction so satisfying an experience."—BERNARD DE VOTO

"THE SPIRE is the best novel of the year . . . It is a satisfying story, beautifully written, about characters who are fully dimensioned and warm. Any reader who has ever walked with open eyes on any campus will find this story as real as it is readable." —PAUL JORDAN-SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*

"It is a pleasure to see again how good a novel can be written by a thoughtful man who knows his business."—ARTHUR MIZENER, *Saturday Review*

"Ever since THE GARRETSON CHRONICLE they have been calling Gerald Warner Brace 'one of the finest novelists now writing in America.' THE SPIRE should contribute importantly to strengthening that view . . . It is a far better integrated story, a love story with something more than eroticism as its source of interest, told against the superbly realized background of a small New England college . . . a book that should renew faith in the future of the American novel."
—EDWARD WAGENKNECHT, *Chicago Tribune*

"One of the year's most civilized novels . . . with a grace, warmth and wit that matches the urbanity of his previous work." —FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*

"A love story, an intellectual satire and a narrative on the neuroses peculiar to New England and the world of higher education. A tragi-comedy of manners and morals by a craftsman who handles the language with admirable precision...dry, ironical, witty and just."
—STERLING NORTH, *N. Y. World-Telegram & Sun*

THE SPIRE

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author of THE GARRETSON CHRONICLE

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PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 14)

covered" from the Depression by the mid-1930's (he classifies the Scandanavian countries as "free-economy" nations, as contrasted with the "collectivized" United States). But the prize statement on the Depression appears on page 195: "Many persons left their jobs for the more profitable one of selling apples."

Few persons like their political opponents. Hoover hates his, assumes that his foes have ignoble motives, and uses loaded words to describe them and their acts: "deceit," "sabotage and obstruction," "Trojan horse," "great masters of demagoguery," "break down the dikes of American freedom." He found "citizen pressure groups" to be "violent" and "unreasonable." FDR rates "sinister" in 1932; thereafter he is repeatedly likened to Stalin and Hitler, and the New Deal is labeled radical, Fascist, Socialist, Communist. We find Roosevelt "collectivizing the legislative arm," indulging in "collectivism by thought control and smear," and much more ("Fascism Comes to Agriculture," "Fascism Comes to Business," "Fascism Comes to Labor"). The one surprising chapter in the long condemnation of the New Deal is one called "Some Good Actions." This, though, is quite a short chapter.

The odd thing is, Mr. Hoover seems to feel that he is being objective.

Personal History Notes

HOLLYWOOD TATTLE: Having been in moving pictures since the early days of the industry, and before that on the stage and in theatrical circles as the wife of DeWolf Hopper, Hedda Hopper quite naturally has stored up some revealing stories about Hollywood and Broadway. She spills a good many of them in **"From Under My Hat"** (Doubleday, $3). She is not a girl to pull her punches, and while her admirations are whole-hearted, so is her scorn. She has no patience with short memories for old favors, ingratitude, and cowardice.

In the course of her own ups and downs, she has seen the beginnings of innumerable glittering careers, and on occasion lent a helping hand. She has also seen the glitter fade, and noted how very quickly admiring friends forget. As she reviews her own life, which, until she began her work in her newspaper column and on radio, was largely acting, with a few experiments in such ventures as real estate and the beauty business, she sprinkles her account with plenty of details about the personalities with whom she worked. She has had just as much fun out of her feuds as her friendships; she knows good copy when she sees it.

Hedda Hopper makes no effort to keep under her hat the fact that she began life as Elda Furry, daughter of a butcher in Altoona, and never finished grammar school. Her own experiences have taught her a great deal about the world and human nature, and it's been first-rate training for a columnist.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

FARM LIFE, RUSSIAN STYLE: Even though he still bears the marks of a lashing from his father for letting a pair of horses get stolen, Damon Orlow looks back with nostalgia to the richly ordered peasant life of his childhood in the pre-Soviet Ukraine. Now a Gary, Ind., lawyer, Orlow in **"Red Wedding"** (Henry Regnery, $3) sketches that other life with awkward but cumulative charm. The title refers to the ceremonially presented evidence of a bride's virginity, after the nuptial night; and Mr. Orlow also describes the painful rituals carried out when, by lapse of bride or groom, there was a "white wedding."

In his village of Xendzovka, the sight of a bicycle brought people running out with holy water to sprinkle the ground on which the demon had passed. When two families joined a scriptural sect, rather than the Holy Orthodox Church, they were publicly tortured; but when bones began to break, the watchers called a halt. The heretics were banished to Siberia.

A jealous lover tried to set fire to a mill where his girl, in the strictly innocent manner of the land, was bundling away the night with a rival. Sentenced to twenty lashes, he was "forgiven" the last ten when watchers saw that he was already half-dead. Thus Mr. Orlow repeatedly shows how harsh customs were tempered by a kind of group sensibility.

He writes in a lecturer's style, with a touch of urbane condescension. Yet a man's love and hunger for the ways of his youth-time comes through. There is a comforting, if dubious, atmosphere of stability in the semi-primitive culture he describes; even those old days can still appear as good old days.

—MEYER LEVIN.

BONIFACE'S LITTLE GIRL: When twenty-three-year-old Anacleto Sermolino eloped to America in 1892 he brought with him his pretty, frail nineteen-year-old bride and—because the bride

had insisted—his wiry, middle-aged mother as well. Good-looking, friendly, and incurably optimistic, he never doubted his ability to make a fortune in the Golden Land for which he had left the rice plains of Lombardy.

After a few discouraging weeks in New York, a happy chance brought him to Madama Gonfarone's table d'hôte on West 8th Street. Madama was a genius in the kitchen, but bookkeeping and handling people defeated her; in a flash of inspiration she hired young Sermolino to do both for her. Before Prohibition hastened his retirement, Papa Sermolino had gone into partnership with and finally bought out Madama, had expanded the restaurant, which consisted of fifteen tables in a basement when he came to it, into an establishment occupying several adjoining houses, seating five hundred at a time, and offering wonderful food, wine, and music to an artistic, literary, and theatrical as well as an Italian clientele.

In this atmosphere of friendly waiters, a hard-working, closely knit but always definitely Italian family, and plenty of food and wine, though not always much money, the two little Sermolino girls grew up. If Angela, the older daughter, was inclined to be self-absorbed, Maria, the younger—who has put it all down for us in a book she calls **"Papa's Table D'Hôte"** (Lippincott, $3)—found it entrancing. By the time she was six she could mix a martini or a manhattan (when the bartender let her), and she learned about life and love by listening to the diners' conversations from a concealed vantage point. Miss Sermolino doubts that it was an ideal place in which to bring up a little girl, but her account of her expansive, thoroughly engaging father and his restaurant will entertain her readers, but make them wish that such an establishment existed, or could exist, today.

—P. T.

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SCIENCE AND MEN

(*Continued from page* 21)

equable climate more favorable to human health and energy than any other region on earth, but shift in its course can bring momentous changes. An advancing polar push drove it southward to create turbulence and heavy rainfall in the Mediterranean region from 1200 B. C. to 200 A. D., when its peoples enjoyed their maximum power. Their power declined, however, after the Ocean River thrust back the cold front. Insufficient rain to flush out pools allowed malaria to sap the energies of Mediterranean peoples, and northern races gained dominance.

It was Columbus's good fortune to stumble upon the Atlantic River, whose current carried his ill-designed ships to a new land. His voyage changed man's conception of his world. At a stroke the continuity of succession from medieval to modern world was severed. Riches from the New World reversed conditions of production, wealth, and power. Shifting material, spiritual, and social values thereafter followed the scientific lines of attraction, acceleration, and volume, particularly after the steam-engine had spawned the Industrial Revolution.

A vital factor in the growth of colonies in the New World resulted from the clash of the Gulf Stream and Labrador Current, east of Newfoundland. There icebergs were melted by the warmer current, and glacial rocks and soil was deposited to form the Grand Banks. Cod could be taken in unbelievable numbers on the banks. And the gales, ice, and fog encountered there served to harden Dutch and British fishermen who would later defeat Spain's navy. On a "cod economy," moreover, New England developed not only a fishing, outfitting, and shipbuilding industry, and maritime trade; but likewise she trained the seamen who helped the American colonies win their independence.

Discovery of the New World has brought the Atlantic community four hundred years of expansion. These years have resulted in great social gains, the growth of mercantile empires, vast technological advances, and medical triumphs over many diseases. As a consequence of medical progress, however, the world's yearly population increase of 21,000,000 must be fed, clothed, and assured of a good life. The authors suggest that this challenge can be met by recognizing the Ocean River as a scientific, social, and political unity—a new frontier for Western man. To anyone aware of the abundant and as yet unharvested resources of the sea, this conclusion appears worthy of serious study.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 484

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 484 will be found in the next issue.

KWBRGH CWF WK

HBNMRHBBH WXX CHG

PDK. XREDNL SWK

AHHBCPSHK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 483

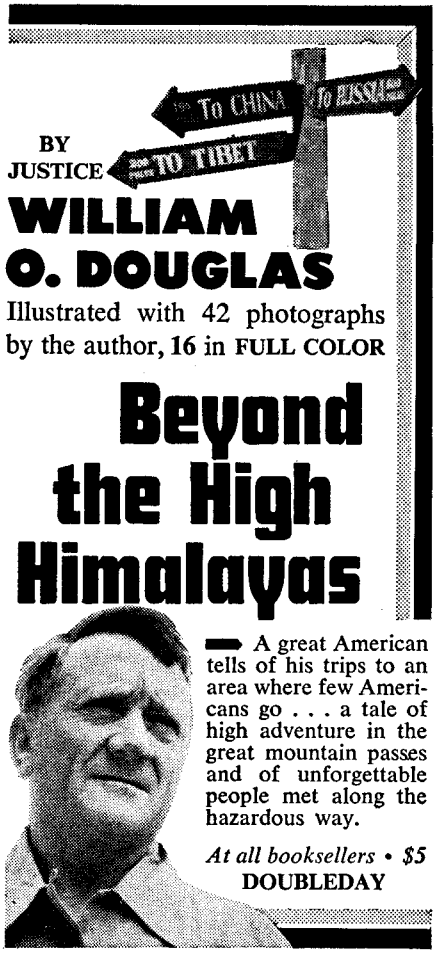
Great men are more distinguished by range and extent than by originality.

—R. W. EMERSON.

Science Notes

OCEANS AROUND US: Not only do the oceans constitute the greater part of our globe, they constitute virtually the only part that does not bear the conspicuous impress of mankind. Men who plow the sea leave no furrows. The oceans have a sort of lunar remoteness from social revolutions, cold wars, and election campaigns; and their drowned floors are, to most of us, equivalent to the dark side of the moon. They heave, still, to the rhythm of a hundred million years, not to the irregular beat of our own troubled civilization. This suffices to explain the appeal they hold for the harassed spirits of those who have turned in such numbers to Rachel Carson's distinguished "The Sea Around Us."

John Scott Douglas's, **"The Story of the Oceans"** (Dodd, Mead, $3.50) does not pretend to be in the same class. It is, as its title suggests, standard-brand, a compendium of interesting information presented in a popular narrative form about the oceans, the life they contain, the islands they embrace, and the shores they lap. One generally suspects this kind of thing, with its routine emphasis on the extravagant and its straining for "readability." When a writer feels it necessary to make a subject interesting,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one asks, is it not because he finds it dull? The language of Mr. Douglas's opening pages reinforces these doubts, which retain a measure of validity throughout. They are, after all, pertinent to the genre itself. In the continuation, however, the author does show that he is not an intellectually meretricious writer and that he is, on the other hand, informed, responsible, and reasonably restrained.

Some of the information in this book is elementary biology, but most of it should be of interest to the lay reader ("of all ages," as the jacket-blurb puts it) for whom it was written and to whom it may be recommended. —LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

RELATIVITY MADE RELATIVELY EASY: At one time the mathematics of relativity was supposed to be so complicated that only about half a dozen men in the world could understand it. Physicists dismissed the rumor with scorn. They suspected that it was started by a desperate reporter who tried to find someone to explain space-time and finally gave it up as a bad job. But the rumor was not entirely false. While an appreciable proportion of specialists understood the mathematics, some of them refused to accept the revolutionary conclusions, at least in the absence of supporting evidence. The mass of evidence which has accumulated to date is summarized in an important textbook, **"The Theory of Relativity"** (Oxford, $7), by Professor C. Moller of the University of Copenhagen.

The author has succeeded in preparing "a fairly complete and well-rounded account of one of the most beautiful chapters in the history of science, which for the main parts was written by a single man, Albert Einstein." Einstein produced his theory after a careful analysis of the problems confronting physics about half a century ago. He drew conclusions from a set of assumptions, and used them to predict what would happen if certain experiments were conducted in the laboratory. The predictions have proved to be amazingly accurate. For example, the famous formula $E=mc^2$ stated that one reaction would yield 0.0000277 units of energy for each atom split. The formula was derived in 1905. In 1939 actual experiments at Harvard University showed that the energy yield was 0.0000276, which agrees with theory to the seventh decimal place. (The Manhattan Project later produced a more dramatic confirmation of relativity.)

In discussing these and other striking successes of relativity theory, however, Professor Moller does not agree with some of his euphoric colleagues who feel that physics has already solved its major problems. There is trouble at both ends of the physical scale. The atom, once regarded as an indivisible bit of matter, is known to be a bewildering complex of assorted subparticles whose antics are not predicted by current theory. To go from the very small to the very large, "our present knowledge of the actual universe . . . is totally insufficient." —J. P.

WHAT USE ARE SYMBOLS? Words are symbols which compress into compact markings the observations and abstractions of centuries. But for all their virtues as a shorthand to aid thinking, words are extremely crude things compared to the symbols which the mathematicians use. Mathematical symbols represent a kind of super-shorthand. They stand for multitudes of words, whole universes of thought, and it would take volumes to translate some of them into everyday English.

Percy W. Bridgman's new book, **"The Nature of Some of Our Physical Concepts"** (Philosophical Library, $2.75), is a penetrating study of the power of symbols. It is a reprint of three much-discussed lectures delivered more than two years ago at the University of London and later published in a British philosophical journal. The Harvard physicist defines the basic point of his philosophy —that a concept has no meaning unless it leads to a unique and precisely defined set of physical operations or experiments. Such operations may involve microscopes and other instruments. They may also involve imagined experiments, the manipulation of symbols to gain new insights into the workings of nature. "The paper-and-pencil world is a world in which free invention is possible . . . just as in the laboratory." Professor Bridgman explores this world in considering the nature of light, heat, and electricity. —J. P.

New & Noteworthy

BELOW are listed some of the more important books of general interest published this week which we are not able to review in this issue because of limitations of space. More extended notice will be given the majority of them later in the season.

BLOODY WILLIAMSON: A Chapter in American Lawlessness. By Paul M. Angle. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4. An account of the feuds, race killings, and labor riots that have given Williamson County, Ill., a reputation for bloody violence over the past eighty years.

BOOKS AND WRITERS. By Robert Lynd. New York: Macmillan Co. $3.50. Essays on literary subjects by a well-known British man of letters.

CHICAGO MEDIUM RARE. By Robert J. Casey. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.50. The well-known raconteur reminisces on the Chicago of 1890 to 1910.

THE DICKY BIRD WAS SINGING. By Bob Duncan. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3. The history and especially legends of the men who pioneered the oil industry in the Southwest.

SERGEI M. EISENSTEIN. By Marie Seton. New York: A. A. Wyn. $8.50. A biography of the great pioneer artist in the film.

THE FRUIT IN THE SEED. By Margaret Leigh. New York: Sheed & Ward. $2. The autobiography of an English novelist who became a Catholic and later a Carmelite nun.

BENJAMIN HARRISON: Hoosier Warrior. By Harry J. Sievers. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $5. The early life and military career of the twenty-third President of the United States. A second volume will complete the story.

HEAR THE TRAIN BLOW. By Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $12.75. A picture-and-text history of American railroads.

HERE'S A HOW-DE-DO. By Martyn Green. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $2.75. Autobiography of the D'Oyly Carte star and his adventures with Gilbert & Sullivan.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS. By Maurice Zolotow. New York: Random House. $3. Biographical sketches of a dozen curious characters, including a mind-reader, a race-track tout, a magician, etc.

JOURNEY INTO WONDER. By N. J. Berrill. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $4. A marine biologist recounts man's adventures into worlds of wonder, from Columbus and Galileo to Darwin and the modern scientist-naturalists.

THE KATY RAILROAD AND THE LAST FRONTIER. By V. V. Masterson. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. $4. A history of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad.

LABOR IN THE SOVIET UNION. By Solomon M. Schwartz. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $6. A serious study of Russian labor policy since the start of the First Five Year Plan.

LINCOLN: A PICTURE STORY OF HIS LIFE. By Stefan Lorant. New York: Harper & Bros. $6. Five hundred pictures and 100,000 words of text to tell the story.

THE LOST DISCOVERY. By Frederick J. Pohl. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.75. An analysis of the evidence of Viking landings and settlement in North America before Columbus.

BILL MAULDIN IN KOREA. By Bill Mauldin. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3. Words and pictures telling of the noted World War II cartoonist's visit to the Korean front.

THE MUSTANGS. By J. Frank Dobie. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6. A book about the wild horses. Indians, and horse-thieves who roamed the plains of the Old West.

PIONEER'S PROGRESS. By Alvin Johnson. New York: Viking Press. $5. An autobiography of the founder of New York's New School for Social Research.

RHYMES OF A REBEL. By Robert Service. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50. New poems by the popular poet published in book form for the first time.

SMITH'S LONDON JOURNAL. By H. Allen Smith. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.75. A visit to Britain by an American humorist told somewhat in the style of James Boswell.

SPINDLETOP. By James A. Clark and Michael T. Halbouty. New York: Random House. $3.95. An account of the early days of the oil industry in the vicinity of Beaumont, Texas.

STOLEN JOURNEY. By Oliver Philpot. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50. Another account of the wartime escape of British airmen first told in Eric Williams's "The Wooden Horse."

THE THREAD OF LAUGHTER. By Louis Kronenberger. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50. Essays on the great English comic dramatists by a well-known critic.

UNQUIET MINDS. By Dr. Eustace Chesser. New York: Roy Publishers. $3.50. Case studies of eight mental patients.

WE CHOSE THE ISLANDS. By Sir Arthur Grimble. New York: William Morrow & Co. $5. An account of six years spent by the author and his bride in the Gilbert Islands.

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NEW EDITIONS

FROM the Indiana University Press comes a charming little book — Wordsworth's "A Guide Through the District of the Lakes in the North of England" ($2.75), with illustrations by John Piper and an introduction by W. M. Merchant. Mr. Piper's sketches are modestly evocative of their scenic originals, while Mr. Merchant orients the reader in relation to the body of the book, by describing the eighteenth century's search for the picturesque and by discussing the tourist literature of the Lake District, from Celia Fiennes (1698) to Harriet Martineau (1855). We are given to thinking of the tourist trade as something of recent date, but by the close of the eighteenth century tourists were flocking to the Lakes, equipped with guidebooks that told them just what they should see, just where they should stand to see, and just what emotions they should feel after they had seen. Wordsworth's guide—now reprinted from the fifth edition of 1835, revised by the author —is, of course, no ordinary volume of its kind. It is, in Mr. Merchant's words, "an extended and reasoned description of the area which had most deeply affected" a great poet, written by the poet himself. It is a book to put beside Wordsworth's poems, a book that will increase any reader's understanding, and deepen his appreciation, of the poems. Seldom have chosen aspects of nature's infinitely beautiful face been described so beautifully, and so exactly, in fitting prose. Wordsworth wrote of mountains, lakes, and vales, of sunlight and clouds and rain, of rivers, woods, and birds; and whenever his pen lingered lovingly, even for an instant, he wrote perfectly. For examples, read what he has to say of the climate of the Lakes, and his brief picture of Loughrigg Tarn, near Grasmere. He also wrote of the human history of the district, and of what men had already done, even before he first saw Ambleside, to deface the beauties of the area. Armchair travel is not to be compared, of course, with the real thing; but when, without leaving our chairs, we visit the Lakes with Wordsworth, we enjoy two great advantages—we do not find ourselves engaged in a jostling match with fellow tourists and we are not plagued by hucksters determined to sell us shoddy souvenirs of our excursion.

JERRE Mangione's "Mount Allegro" (Knopf, $3.50), first published in 1943, is one of the best of the rapidly increasing number of books by first-generation Americans that picture "life with father"—and with mother and other assorted relatives recently removed from their native lands—in the new, bewildering world of the United States. This time we are taken to the bosom of a Sicilian family, a very large family, living in Rochester, New York. Much of the book's humor derives from a Sicilian trait described by Lawrence, quoted by Mangione: "They hang together in clusters and can never be physically near enough." But there is more than humor. There is a clear view and an interpretation of some of the racial, national, religious, and cultural elements that have gone into the making of America and Americans.

"The Days of Chivalry: Stories from Froissart's Chronicles" (British Book Centre, $2), edited by John Hampden, should make its readers wish to know Froissart at greater length. Mr. Hampden's selections are choice specimens of his chronicler's art and his text is a modernized version of Lord Berners's spirited translation of 1523.

Macmillan has imported four more volumes of the clearly printed, reasonably priced Library Edition of the Novels and Stories of Thomas Hardy. The titles are "A Changed Man," "Two on a Tower," "A Laodicean," and "A Pair of Blue Eyes" ($2.50 each). Graham Greene fans should rejoice to see "Three by Graham Greene" (Viking, $3.95), which contains "The Ministry of Fear," "The Confidential Agent," and "This Gun for Hire." And Sherlock Holmes fans may read four volumes by the master in the definitive text of a single Heritage Press volume ($5), introduced by Vincent Starrett and adorned by reproductions of the stories' original illustrations. Heritage gives us, too, an attractive "William Tell" ($5), Theodore Martin's translation of Schiller's heroic drama—the hero of which was also something of a prig.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

The great and troubled poems of Yeats' later years

W. B. YEATS

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A Study of the Last Poems

BY VIVIENNE KOCH

Believing that Yeats, in his later poems, "reached and held to the 'intensity' which he had striven for all his life," Vivienne Koch here interprets his most interesting work of this period. She prefaces her discussion of each poem with the text of the poem itself. She has "gathered all relevant material to be found in Yeats' unpublished prose and letters, so that difficult or obscure passages may be clarified in terms of Yeats' life and vision."—*New Republic*

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 19)

"They Did Not Fear" (Beechurst, $3). Or perhaps one should call it a novelized autobiography, for it is written more as a report than as a fictional re-creation of events. Mr. Singer depicts with skill the terror of life in the Austrian Jewish communities when the Hitler hordes took over, and he writes movingly of the despair that fell upon the Polish Jews when Hitler and Stalin cut up Poland. His leading character, Albert Krieger, is sympathetically drawn; but he is far more successful with two relatively minor characters, Elissa and Esther, two heroic women in the classic Jewish tradition—fearless almost to the point of recklessness, magnificently devoted to husband and family, and flaming with an almost other-worldly lyricism and optimism about the future of their people. Special mention must also be made of the excellent detailed descriptions of the activities of the partisan groups of Jewish men and women, who inflicted so much damage upon the Nazis. While hardly a novel of very high rank, "They Did Not Fear" has considerable documentary value.

—Charles Angoff.

AN APPEAL TO THE POPE: A tender little inspirational tale with the qualities of a folk fable, Paul Gallico's **"The Small Miracle"** (Doubleday, $1.50) has already been translated into a motion picture called "Never Take No for an Answer." It is the simple story of a young Italian orphan whose beloved friend and sole mainstay, a donkey, fell ill and was dying. Remembering that St. Francis of Assisi had a special care for animals, Pepino, the boy, sought to invoke his aid by bringing the donkey to St. Francis's shrine. But ecclesiastical rigidities held him back. At this point Pepino found his faith reinforced by some advice he had received from an American soldier during the war years: "Never take No for an answer," and he carries his petition for the help of St. Francis up through the church hierarchy until he reaches the Pope himself. What happens thereafter is Mr. Gallico's ending.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

THOUGHTS WHILE DYING: Various writers have attempted with more or less success a fantasy around the thoughts or dreams which are presumed to occupy a man's mind at the moment of his death. The convention is to have him find himself in a situation which reflects upon his past life and through which he proceeds until the final moment when he realizes that he is not alive but dead. It's a pretty tired convention and in **"The Huntsman at the Gate"** (Lippincott, $2.50) Almet Jenks has done very little to liven it up. His hero is a fox-hunter and we see him first—for about a fifth of the book—conducting a hunt. The scenes here are believable and vivid. Thereafter, though he doesn't know it, the huntsman is dead and we are launched into the never-never land of his fantasy. It seems he is up on trial before a group of foxes who have become huntsmen. The trial ends inconclusively with the Huntsman's aforementioned realization that he is dead. I don't know what Mr. Jenks was trying to say and I'm not sure he does, but I gather that foxes don't like to be killed if it isn't done according to the rules of sportsmanship. It seems a dubious point on which to waste so many words. —E. J. F.

IRISH-AMERICAN FAMILY: In a nicely sentimental mood Torrey Hood has looked in on a family of lovable Irish-Americans, living in Meriden, Connecticut, toward the end of the last century, and has set down the story of one spring in their lives in **"Saturday Night Is My Delight"** (Putnam, $3). The McCaffeys are a large brood, five children of various ages in addition to Ma, Pa, and Gram. Katie is our principal concern. Almost she marries the wrong man out of a mistaken sense of kindliness. Then there's Tom, just about finishing high school and wanting to be an artist though his father wants him to take a respectable job in the bank. The problems of these two are worked out nicely and without too much contrivance. Liz, the eldest, who never had felt really wanted, still has quite a few to work out before she'll really find happiness but she learned a few things that summer. And Mikey, the youngest, seemed to have his health restored. Joe you can't be sure of; there's a guileful streak in him. Ma and Pa will, of course, endure because that's the kind they are. Miss Hood has created an affectionate genre piece, eminently readable and frequently moving. —E. J. F.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 965)

ANEURIN BEVAN:
IN PLACE OF FEAR

Looking back over more than thirty-five years of industrial and political activity I find no reason to alter my conviction that the principles of democratic socialism are the only ones broadly applicable to mankind* today.

* Shortened to fit space.

Fiction of the Week

THIS is the height of the fall book season. Because of limitations of space, *The Saturday Review* is able to review only a small fraction of the new volumes of fiction published this week. Below are some of the titles for which we did not have room, but which we hope to give more extended notice in early issues.

ACT OF PASSION. By Georges Simenon. New York: Prentice-Hall. $3.50. A self-diagnosis of the case of Charles Alavoine, accused of murdering his mistress. By the author of "The Snow Was Black."

COPPERHEAD MOON. By Herbert E. Stover. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3. Historical-romance about a man assigned to counteract the work of the Southern sympathizers in the North during the Civil War.

DARK PASSIONS SUBDUE. By Douglas Sanderson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3. Homosexuality and a man's revolt against complacent middle-class society.

THE FRAGILE YEARS. By Rose Franken. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. Another yarn about Claudia, the young married woman who still hasn't quite grown up.

FRONT MAN. By Francis Wallace. New York: Rinehart & Co. $2.75. Johnny Stone, returning to his alma mater as head coach, throws out the gamblers and builds a winning team.

HEMLOCK AND AFTER. By Angus Wilson. New York: Viking Press. $3. The lives and defeats of Bernard Sands, successful and respected novelist, humanist, and homosexual. The first novel of a highly regarded short story writer.

THE LOST TRAIL OF THE SAHARA. By R. Frison-Roche. New York: Prentice-Hall. $2.95. A young lieutenant achieves maturity while leading an expedition through the heart of the Sahara to capture a killer.

NO, BUT I SAW THE MOVIE. By Peter DeVries. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. Satirical and humorous stories from *The New Yorker*.

ONLY THE LOVING. By Evelyn Ames. New York: Dodd, Mead Co. $3. Jennifer, married and the mother of three children, meets a man who makes everything else seem non-essential.

THE PARADISE BELOW THE STAIRS. By André Brincourt. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3. Life as seen by a thirteen-year-old French schoolboy and his classmates. Winner of the Grand Prix de Jeune Roman in France.

SHADOW MARRIAGE. By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday & Co.. $2.75. Again, the price a girl pays for marrying for money.

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER. By Eleanor Lothrop. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3. Lament for three women, single or divorced, and quite unhappy about it.

TOMORROW THE HARVEST. By Viola Paradise. New York: William Morrow & $3.50. A romance laid in Cape Elizabeth of the pre-Revolutionary period.

THE WEST PIER. By Patrick Hamilton. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. The first of a series of novels recounting the career of Ernest Ralph Gorse, a successful British swindler.

A WORTHY MAN. By Robert Standish. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50. Lives of Occidentals in China during the Twenties and Thirties.

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A HISTORIAN'S PLEA FOR SCIENCE

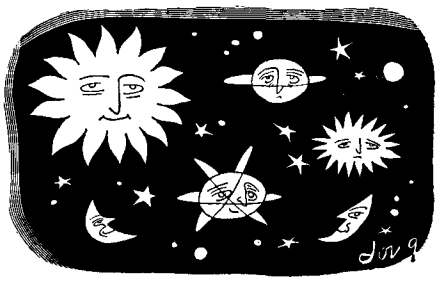
(*Continued from page 9*)

hence in spite of its readiness to sacrifice always the imperfect to the less imperfect, in spite of its iconoclastic and revolutionary tendencies, it is the best guarantee of ultimate stability. Science is of its very essence international and interracial; it is thus the strongest bond of union between the peoples of the earth. It aims at unanimity, not concerning any preconceived idea, but concerning the very system which is being developed by the unconscious and continuous collaboration of all peoples in a task independent of themselves and infinitely superior to any one of their desires. Scientific work is one of the highest forms of altruism.

These words may sound strange to the disillusioned people of our time, many of whom blame science for their troubles, and the more so because their expectations had been more foolish. The technical progress of the last century had been so stupendous that they imagined that its continuance at the same speed or faster still would soon introduce a golden age.

To begin with, in spite of all its virtues science alone cannot give meaning to our life. Science by itself is not culture, though it is an essential part of it. This is obvious enough when one considers the scientific activities of our own age, that is, if we consider all of them, as we should, not only the best, but the mediocre and the perverted activities as well—the whole gamut. Science without wisdom is a poor thing, and technique without wisdom is poorer still.

The development of all kinds of techniques has been so rapid and so drastic that mankind has had no time to adjust itself to it. The result is the chaos which we are witnessing today and which is upsetting our spiritual as well as our material world. To consider the latter first, the growth of industrial, commercial, and financial methods and machines has been so reckless and merciless that large communities have been ruined by the very activities which should have made them prosperous and happy. The excessive mechanization of life has poisoned the wells of individual, familial, and social happiness. The greatest problem which the statesmen of our time have to solve is the humanization of industry and labor. It will not be easy to undo the evils of a century of technical ruthlessness and unrestrained greed, and in any case the problem is exceedingly difficult, for it is not enough to find a theoretical solution; one must be able to overcome prejudices and vested interests, to untwist wrong purposes and unmask false ideals. Moreover economic questions have become largely international, and social ills cannot be cured completely except on an international basis.



As to the spiritual chaos, it is so deep that it cannot be remedied by any single method; but this much is certain, no cure will have any efficacy which does not include the humanization of science. One must find means of integrating science with the rest of our culture, instead of allowing it to develop as an instrument foreign to it. Science must be humanized, it must be moralized, which means among other things that it must not be permitted to go on a rampage. It must be an integral part of our culture and must remain a part of it subservient to the rest. The best if not the only way of humanizing it is to consider it historically—just as we have always considered the other cultural elements. One must study its genesis and evolution, and make people realize that the scientific achievements of each age were always, first and last, human achievements. Indeed, irrespective of their technical difficulties (which are interesting enough but secondary), these achievements were among the purest and the most glorious of their time.

As long as science is looked at only from the technical and utilitarian aspect, there is hardly any cultural value in it. For example, I cannot help smiling when I hear young enthusiasts exult because our universe is constantly increasing. Now it tickles our imagination to hear that the depth of the universe extends to so many millions of light-years, but there is nothing especially cultural or ennobling in that. The quality of our souls

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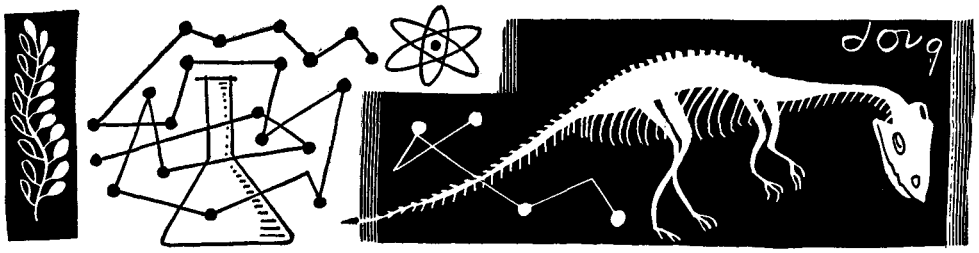

is independent of the size of the universe. We do not find ourselves better or worse, happier or more unfortunate, because the universe is shown to be so much larger than we had fancied. However, just as soon as we are given to understand the human inwardness of these facts, how they were discovered and how they affect the thoughts of astronomers, our minds are stirred up. Then we feel that we are offered something which concerns ourselves, not only the distant stars; something indeed which concerns us as intimately as a tragedy of Shakespeare, a painting of Rembrandt, or a concerto of Brahms. If one considers science—not only as it is now (which after all is only its latest, not by any means its final stage) but in its becoming; if one surveys its birth and growth, its ramifications and confluences, and analyzes its vicissitudes—human vicissitudes, most of them—and its struggles, defeats, and triumphs; that is, if one reads the history of science, one reads the history of mankind at its best. The new realization of the richness of our past, which is thus opened to us, this new evaluation of the continuity of human efforts, and of our heritage of science and wisdom—that is humanism, though of a new kind, including science instead of excluding it—scientific humanism.

It is noteworthy that these two fundamental problems, the humanization and therefore moralization of industry and labor on the one hand, and the humanization and moralization of science on the other, are correlative. They have been entailed by the same causes, and there are so many interrelations between them that the solution of the one cannot fail to help in solving the other. In particular, no scientifically minded humanist could feel happy in a world, however cultured it might seem to be, wherein the majority of men would be miserable and hopelessly subject to the political or economic tyranny of a few. The scientist needs protection and a certain amount of isolation from the noisy crowd in order that he be able to do his best, but that does not mean that he wishes that crowd to be other than happy and contented. His own existence is precariously dependent on their good will, and he should be quite as anxious to educate and elevate them, as they to give him a chance. Again, human relationships cannot be cordial if there be a feeling of injustice and oppression on the one side or the other, and the love of man is the very kernel of humanism and morality; if that kernel be absent, the rest cannot amount to much.

That reminds me of a saying of the Nestorian monk Simon de Taibūtheh, who flourished somewhere in Syria or in Iraq about the end of the seventh century. Speaking of the greatest of all commandments, " 'Love God'," he remarked, "is concerned with theoretical knowledge, and 'Love thy neighbor,' with practical knowledge." The cynically minded might add that the love of one's neighbor is tangible in its results while the love of God may camouflage anything you please. When a man speaks of his love of God we cannot be certain about what he is speaking. It may be something sublime, or only an alibi. Even so, a man may speak of generosity because he is generous, or because he is particularly mean. Such ugly doubts, I am sure, were not in Mâr Simon's mind. What he thought was that the love of one's neighbor is the practical foundation of religion, even as we say that it is the practical foundation of humanism and morality. For all the grace and beauty and dignity of life of which the humanist (and moralist) is always dreaming, where would they be and how could they be if love were absent?

And yet, however essential the love of man, it is only a foundation, and the deep humanity of science is only a part of its justification and of our own. The chief aim of scientific research is not merely to help mankind in the ordinary sense but to make the contemplation of truth more easy and more complete. This implies a deep conversion of the spirit which can only be achieved by a long and rigorous discipline. One must forsake all kinds of wishful thinking, and all thinking which is not constantly subject to verification and correction. One must educate oneself to become more and more experimental and objective. One must learn to conceive the truth one is aiming at and living for as an ideal which may remain forever out of reach, but which one may and should approach more and more closely.

When this scientific objectivity is carried high enough it leads to a peculiar kind of disinterestedness which is far more fundamental than the disinterestedness of the most generous man. It is not so much a matter of generosity as of forgetfulness and abandonment of self.

EVERY scientist (as every artist or saint) who is sufficiently absorbed in his task reaches sooner or later that stage of ecstasy (unfortunately impermanent), when the thought of self has vanished, and he can think of naught else but the work at hand, his own vision of beauty or truth, the ideal world which he is creating. In comparison with such heavenly ecstasy, all other rewards—such as money and honors—become strangely futile and incongruous. Looking at it from that point of view, science is the best school of objectivity and disinterestedness, and the devoted men working in laboratories are very close indeed (though they hardly realize it themselves) to the monks and nuns mortifying their flesh in the cloisters. One can truly speak of the sanctity of science, as well as of its humanity, but it is better not to speak too much of it, for it is a subject far too confidential and too precious for expression. Also it is better not to encourage the constitution of a new class of hypocrites. If there be sanctity it will flourish best in secrecy; nobody should ever know it, except perhaps much later.

This the reader will notice is a plea for an uncompromising idealism of which our age is more deeply in need than of anything else. We need to be taught a new life of the spirit, humble, gentle, and free, without moroseness but without boisterousness. The new

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Marc Doggett, in "How Beautiful with Shoes," by Wilbur Daniel Steele. 2. Sir Henry Baskerville, in "The Hound of the Baskervilles," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 3. Four Young Oysters, in "The Walrus and the Carpenter," by Lewis Carroll. 4. John de Graffenreid Atwood, in "Shoes," by O. Henry. 5. Dr. Manette, in "A Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens. 6. Emperor of Lilliput, in "Gulliver's Travels," by Jonthan Swift. 7. Franz Kemmerich, in "All Quiet on the Western Front," by Erich Maria Remarque. 8. Mr. Salteena, in "The Young Visiters," by Daisy Ashford. 9. Second Citizen, in "Julius Caesar," by William Shakespeare. 10. Karen, in "The Red Shoes," by Hans Christian Andersen.

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humanism can provide the elements or it, or at least some of them, for nourishing the moral conscience.

We must investigate our traditions, not excepting those magnificent ones which have handed on to us the knowledge and wisdom of antiquity, of the Middle Ages and of all the centuries previous to our own. It is thanks to those traditions that we know what we know, and that we are what we are. We must familiarize ourselves with the great men to whom we owe them. There is nothing of which we can be more proud than of those traditions which constitute the essence of our culture, of our very hearts and souls. But we must not be too proud, lest we become unworthy of them. Moreover our past is a long record not of good deeds only, but also of evil ones; so many crimes have been committed (and are still being committed today) even in the name of high ideals. Hence our pride should always be tempered with proper shame and humility.

If we wish to survive we must anchor ourselves to some great purpose. For example, we may try to continue some of our scientific traditions, or else if we be historically minded we may try to record them accurately. In any case, the study of those traditions would fill our minds with respect and gratitude and inspire them with the supreme human loyalty—not to family, race, country, language, or religion—but to truth. Loyalty to truth above everything else. Only a few of us can increase the patrimony of science and art, but we can all help in preserving it and honoring those who built it up.

If we succeed in taking a comprehensive view of the universe, including the human elements which are the most precious part of it, and if we cultivate a sense of respect and gratitude, we are establishing in ourselves the best conditions for equanimity. To be sure, many things are bad enough in the present to jeopardize anybody's peace of mind. But we should compare the ills of the day not only with our unrealized ideals but also with the stark realities of the past. We should look backward for a reassurance of man's steady purpose and continuous, if very slow, progress, and forward for the guidance of our own trials and adventures.

The study of history, and especially of the history of science, may thus be regarded not only as a source of wisdom and humanism but also as a regulator for our consciences, for our moral integrity; it helps us not to be complacent, arrogant, too sanguine of success, and yet to remain grateful and hopeful, and never to cease working quietly for the accomplishment of our own task.

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A satellite of the planet Saturn.	95 1 40 123 121
B. Dutch painter, founder of the Haarlem school (1430-60).	141 159 10 118 168 17 47
C. Describing the feet of aquatic fowls.	147 112 36 130 189 57
D. The first woman diplomat (given name and name of first husband).	97 128 53 16 143 25 107 2
E. Book by English historian and traveler who wrote "Invasion of the Crimea" in 8 vols.	132 109 7 54 82 66
F. Retrieves.	74 84 99 11 58 126 35 42
G. A province of Mongolia whose capital is Wanchuan, formerly Kalgan.	166 169 113 92 134 110
H. The upper part of Canongate, Edinburgh (Brit.; 2 wds.).	30 22 146 81 140 27 12 93 64 73
I. Applied to the oldest and most famous of Roman roads.	75 105 171 184 129 20
J. The skirts of a man's coat.	106 49 102 111 31 76
K. Boxes or stalls in the theatre.	179 23 153 14 72
L. Eskimo settlement in Greenland.	170 80 178 167
M. Builds a nest.	145 65 125 26 3 86 177 185 29 96 13

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. A man's beard of a certain type.	46 39 148 175 68 88
O. Every one.	19 59 38 150
P. Practitioners, esp. when proficient in occupations requiring skill.	94 87 186 136 162 15 34
Q. However; although.	156 70 91 157 98 50 44 137 18 56 124 83 182 163 63
R. Character in G. B. Shaw's "Pygmalion".	67 116 89 173 138 43 122 160 55
S. Authoritative utterance.	142 180 5 154 62 165 77 172 24
T. French engineer who designed the locks of the Panama Canal.	37 144 90 108 9 131
U. Seaport in France on the Mediterranean.	114 100 139 60 45 149
V. Old crater forming a plateau with other volcanoes in Java.	187 161 119 103 117
W. Evincing distaste for familiarity.	33 127 120 48 4 69 176 21 28
X. High-wrought.	151 101 183 41 78 135 51
Y. View; reflection.	155 133 85 115 52 188 164 61 174 158 71
Z. Siegmund's sword left in pieces for Siegfried (Wagner's "Ring").	152 104 6 8 32 181 79

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	1 A	2 D	■	3 M	4 W	5 S	6 Z	■	7 E	8 Z	9 T	■	10 B
11 F	12 H	13 M	14 K	■	15 P	16 D	17 B	■	18 Q	19 O	20 I	21 W	22 H	23 K	24 S	■
25 D	26 M	27 H	28 W	■	29 M	30 H	31 J	■	32 Z	■	33 W	■	34 P	■	35 F	■
36 C	37 T	38 O	39 N	40 A	41 X	42 F	■	43 R	44 Q	45 U	■	46 N	47 B	48 W	49 J	50 Q
51 X	52 Y	■	53 D	54 E	55 R	■	56 Q	57 C	58 F	59 O	60 U	61 Y	62 S	63 Q	64 H	■
65 M	66 E	■	67 R	68 N	69 W	70 Q	71 Y	72 K	73 H	74 F	75 I	76 J	77 S	78 X	79 Z	■
80 L	81 H	82 E	■	83 Q	84 F	85 Y	86 M	87 P	88 N	■	89 R	90 T	■	91 Q	92 G	93 H
■	94 P	95 A	96 M	97 D	98 Q	99 F	100 U	101 X	■	102 J	103 V	104 Z	105 I	106 J	107 D	■
108 T	109 E	110 G	■	111 J	112 C	113 G	114 U	115 Y	■	116 R	117 V	■	118 B	■	119 V	120 W
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Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 34 of this issue.

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The Gifted Listener

AARON COPLAND

Aaron Copland

LISTENING is a talent and, like any other talent or gift, we possess it in varying degrees. I have found among music-lovers a marked tendency to underestimate and mistrust this talent, rather than to overestimate it. The reason for these feelings of inferiority are difficult to determine. Since there is no reliable way of measuring the gift for listening, there is no reliable way of reasuring those who misjudge themselves. I should say that there are two principal requisites for talented listening: first, the ability to open oneself up to musical experience; and, secondly, the ability to evaluate critically that experience. Neither of these is possible without a certain native gift. Listening implies an inborn talent of some degree, which, again like any other talent, can be trained and developed. This talent has a certain "purity" about it. We exercise it, so to speak, for ourselves alone; there is nothing to be gained from it in a material sense. Listening is its own reward; there are no prizes to be won, no contests of creative listening. But I hold that person fortunate who has the gift, for there are few pleasures in art greater than the secure sense that one can recognize beauty when one comes upon it.

When I speak of the gifted listener I am thinking of the nonmusician primarily, of the listener who intends to retain his amateur status. It is the thought of just such a listener that excites the composer in me. I know, or I think I know, how the professional musician will react to music. But with the amateur it is different; one never can be sure how he will react. Nothing really tells him what he should be hearing, no treatise or chart or guide can ever sufficiently pull together the various strands of a complex piece of music—only the inrushing floodlight of one's own imagination can do that. Recognizing the beautiful in an abstract art like music partakes somewhat of a minor miracle; each time it happens I remain slightly incredulous.

The situation of the professional musician as listener, especially of the composer, is rather different. He is an initiate. Like the minister before the altar his contact with the Source gives him an inner understanding of music's mysteries, and a greater familiarity in their presence. He possesses a dual awareness: on the one hand of the inscrutable mystery that gives certain common tones meaning; on the other of the human travail that enters into every creation. It is an awareness that no layman can hope to share. There is a nicety of balance in the musician's awareness that escapes the musical amateur. The amateur may be either too reverent or too carried away; too much in love with the separate section or too limited in his enthusiasm for a single school or composer. Mere professionalism, however, is not at all a guarantee of intelligent listening. Executant ability, even of the highest order, is no guarantee of instinct in judgment. The sensitive amateur, just because he lacks the prejudices and preconceptions of the professional musician, is sometimes a surer guide to the true quality of a piece of music. The ideal listener, it seems to me, would combine the preparation of the trained professional with the innocence of the intuitive amateur.

All musicians, creators and performers alike, think of the gifted listener as a key figure in the musical universe. I should like, if I can, to track down the source of this gift, and

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This article is drawn from Aaron Copland's book "Music and Imagination," to be published October 13 by the Harvard University Press.

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to consider the type of musical experience which is most characteristically his.

The ideal listener, above all else, possesses the ability to lend himself to the power of music. The power of music to move us is something quite special as an artistic phenomenon. My intention is not to delve into its basis in physics—my scientific equipment is much too rudimentary—but rather to concentrate on its emotional overtones. Contrary to what you might expect, I do not hold that music has the power to move us beyond any of the other arts. To me the theatre has this power in a more naked form, a power that is almost too great. The sense of being overwhelmed by the events that occur on a stage sometimes brings with it a kind of resentment at the ease with which the dramatist plays upon my emotions. I feel like a keyboard on which he can improvise any tune he pleases. There is no resisting, my emotions have the upper hand, but my mind keeps protesting; by what right does the playwright do this to me?

Not infrequently I have been moved to tears in the theatre, never at music. Why never at music? Because there is something about music that keeps its distance even at the moment that it engulfs us. It is at the same time outside and away from us and inside and part of us. In one sense it dwarfs us, and in another we master it. We are led on and on, and yet in some strange way we never lose control. It is the very nature of music to give us the distillation of sentiments, the essence of experience transfused and heightened and expressed in such fashion that we may contemplate it at the same instant that we are swayed by it. When the gifted listener lends himself to the power of music he gets both the "event" and the idealization of the "event"; he is inside the "event," so to speak, even though the music keeps what Edward Bullough rightly terms its "psychical distance."

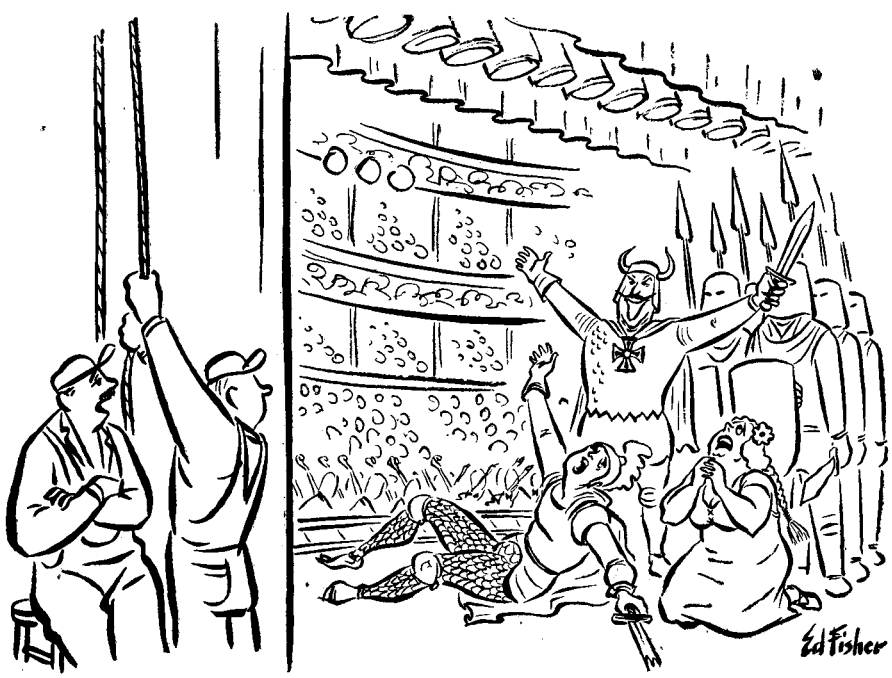
What another layman, Paul Claudel, wrote about the listener seems to me to have been well observed. "We absorb him into the concert," Claudel says. "He is no longer anything but expectation and attention . . ." I like that, because expectancy denotes the ability to lend oneself, to lend oneslf eagerly to the thing heard, while attention bespeaks an interest in the thing said, a preoccupation with an understanding of what is being heard. I've watched the absorbed listener in the concert hall numerous times, half absorbed myself in trying to fathom the exact nature of his response. This is an especially fascinating pastime when the listener happens to be listening to one's own music. At such times I am concerned not so much with whatever pleasure the music may be giving, but rather with the question whether I am being understood.

Parenthetically, I should like to call attention to a curious bit of artist psychology: the thought that my music might, or might not, give pleasure to a considerable number of music-lovers has never particularly stirred me. At times I have been vigorously hissed, at other times as vigorously applauded; in both circumstances I remain comparatively unmoved. Why should that be? Probably because I feel in some way detached from the end result. The writing of it gives me pleasure, especially when it seems to come off; but once out of my hands the work takes on a life of its own. In a similar way I can imagine a father who takes no personal credit for the beauty of a much admired daughter. This must mean that the artist (or father) considers himself an unwitting instrument whose satisfaction is not to produce beauty, but simply to produce.

BUT to return to my absorbed listener. The interesting question, then, is not whether he is deriving pleasure but, rather, whether he is understanding the import of the music. And if he has understood, then I must ask: *what* has he understood?

As you see, I am warily approaching one of the thorniest problems in esthetics, namely, the meaning of music. The semanticist who investigates the meaning of words, or even the meaning of meaning, has an easy time of it by comparison with the hardy soul who ventures forth in quest of music's meaning. A composer might easily side-step the issue; esthetics is not his province. His gift is one of expression, not of theoretic speculation. Still the problem persists, and the musical practitioner ought to have something to say that would be of interest to the mind that philosophizes about art.

I have seldom read a statement about the meaning of music, if seriously expressed, that did not seem to me to have some basis in truth. From this I conclude that music is many-sided and can be approached from many different angles. Basically, however, two opposing theories have been advanced by the estheticians as to music's significance. One is that the meaning of music, if there is any meaning, must be sought in the music itself, for music has no extramusical connotation; and the other is that music is a language without a dictionary whose symbols are interpreted by the listener according to some unwritten esperanto of the emotions. The more I consider these two theories the more it seems to me that they are bound together more closely than is generally supposed, and for this reason; music as a symbolic language of psychological and expressive value can only be made evident through "music itself," while music which is said to mean only itself sets up patterns of sound which inevitably suggest some kind of connotation in the mind of the listener, even if only to connote the joy of music making for its own sake. Whichever it may be,



"Take it easy. You've got half an hour yet."

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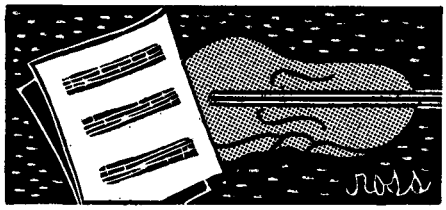
pure or impure, an object or a language, I cannot get it out of my head that all composers derive their impulse from a similar drive. I cannot be persuaded that Bach when he penned the "Orgelbüchlein" thought he was creating an object of "just notes," or that Tchaikovsky in composing "Swan Lake" was wallowing in nothing but uncontrolled emotion. Notes can be manipulated as if they were objects, certainly—they can be made to do exercises, like a dancer. But it is only when these exerciselike patterns of sound take on meaning that they become music. There is historical justification for the weighted emphasis sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, of this controversy. During periods when music became too cool and detached, too scholastically conventionalized, composers were enjoined to remember its origin as a language of the emotions, and when during the last century it became overly symptomatic of the inner *Sturm und Drang* of personalized emotion, composers were cautioned not to forget that music is a pure art of a self-contained beauty. This perennial dichotomy was neatly summarized by Eduard Hanslick, standard bearer for the "pure music" defenders of the nineteenth century, when he wrote that "an inward singing, and not an inward feeling, prompts a gifted person to compose a musical piece." But my point is that this dichotomous situation has no reality to a functioning composer. Singing *is* feeling to a composer, and the more intensely felt the singing, the purer the expression.

THE precise meaning of music is a question that should never have been asked, and in any event will never elicit a precise answer. It is the literary mind that is disturbed by this imprecision. No true music-lover is troubled by the symbolic character of musical speech; on the contrary, it is this very imprecision that intrigues and activates the imagination. Whatever the semanticists of music may uncover, composers will blithely continue to articulate "subtle complexes of feeling that language cannot even name, let alone set forth." This last phrase I came upon in Susanne Langer's cogent chapter "On Significance in Music." Reviewing the various theories of musical significance from Plato to Schopenhauer and from Roger Fry to recent psychoanalytical speculation, Mrs. Langer concludes: "Music is our myth of the inner life—a young, vital, and meaningful myth, of recent inspiration and still in its 'vegetative' growth." Musical myths—even more than folk myths—are subject to highly personalized interpretation, and there is no known method of guaranteeing that my interpretation will be a truer one than yours. I can only recommend reliance on one's own instinctive comprehension of the unverbalized symbolism of musical sounds.

All this is of minor concern to the gifted listener—primarily intent, as he should be, on the enjoyment of music. Without theories and without preconceived notions of what music ought to be, he lends himself as a sentient human being to the power of music. What often surprises me is the basically primitive nature of this relationship. From self-observation and from observing audience reaction I would be inclined to say that we all listen on an elementary plane of musical consciousness. I was startled to find this curious phrase in Santayana concerning music: "Thus, the most abstract of arts," he remarks, "serves the dumbest emotions." Yet, I like this



idea that we respond to music from a primal and almost brutish level—dumbly, as it were, for on that level we are firmly grounded. On that level, whatever the music may be, we experience basic reactions such as tension and release, density and transparency, a smooth or angry surface, the music's swellings and subsidings, its pushing forward or hanging back, its length, its speed, its thunders and whisperings—and a thousand other psychologically-based reflections of our physical life of movement and gesture, and our inner, subconscious mental life. That is fundamentally the way we all hear music—gifted and ungifted alike—and all the analytical, historical texture material on or about the music heard, interesting though it may be, cannot—and I venture to say should not—alter that fundamental relationship.

I stress this point, not so much because the layman is likely to forget it, but because the professional musician tends to lose sight of it. This does not signify, by any means, that I do not believe in the possibility of the refinement of musical taste. Quite the contrary. I am convinced that the higher forms of music imply a listener whose musical taste has been cultivated either through listening or through training or both. On a more modest level refinement in musical taste begins with the ability to distinguish subtle nuances of feeling. Anyone can tell the difference between a sad piece and a joyous one. The talented listener recognizes not merely the joyous quality of the piece, but also the specific shade of joyousness—whether it be troubled joy, delicate joy, carefree joy, hysterical joy, and so forth. I add "and so forth" advisedly, for it covers an infinitude of shadings that cannot be named, as I have named these few, because of music's incommensurability with language.

An important requirement for subtle listening is a mature understanding of the natural differences of musical expression to be anticipated in music of different epochs. An awareness of musical history should prepare the talented listener to distinguish stylistic differences, for example, in the expression of joyousness. Ecstatic joy as you find it in music of Scriabin ought not to be sought for in the operas of Gluck, or even of Mozart. A sense of being "at home" in the world of the late fifteen hundreds makes one aware of what not to seek in the music of that period; and, in like fashion, being "at home" in the art expression of the middle seventeen hundreds will immediately suggest parallelisms with certain aspects of contemporary music. To approach all music in the vain hope that it will soothe one in the lush harmonies of the late nineteenth century is a common error of many present-day music-lovers.

ONE other gift is needed, this one perhaps the most difficult and at the same time the most essential: the gift of being able to see all around the structural framework of an extended piece of music. Next to fathoming the meanings of music, I find this point the most obscure in our understanding of the auditory faculty. Exactly in what manner we sort out and add up and realize in our own minds the impressions that can only be gained singly in the separate moments of the music's flowing past us is surely one of the rarer manifestations of consciousness. Here if anywhere the imagination must take fire. Sometimes it seems to me that I do not at all comprehend how other people put together a piece in their mind's ear. It is a difficult feat in any of the arts, especially those that exist in point of time, such as the drama or fiction. But there the chronology of events usually guides the spectator or reader. The structural organization of the dance is somewhat analogous to that of music, but here, too, despite the fluidity of movement each sepa-

(*Continued on page* 57)

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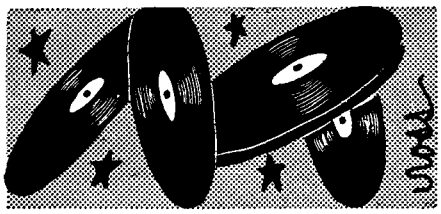
Rossini's "Tell"

HERBERT WEINSTOCK

ROSSINI'S "Guillaume Tell," all five acts of it, was played, sung, and danced for the first time at the Paris Opéra (or, strictly speaking, its predecessor) on August 3, 1829. With the great Laure Cinti-Damoreau in the role of Tell's wife, and with the twenty-seven-year-old Adolphe Nourrit in complete command of the fantastically difficult role of Arnold, the opera ran from seven o'clock in the evening until one in the morning. At once it became what we today should consider a smash hit: Paris heard it fifty-six times that first season. But from the last performance of that season to this day, "Tell," though continuing to be a famous opera, has had almost no luck. Various people began snipping bits from its monumental structure immediately. It became a four-act opera in which no act was as Rossini had composed it. Three acts. Two acts (no longer a complete opera in any sense), and finally the tremendous overture and barely one act. Rossini is said to have been accosted on the street years later by the director of the Opéra, who said brightly: "We're giving the second act of 'Tell' tonight." And the composer's characteristic reply was: "What! the entire act?"

Today few people in the United States can have heard "Guillaume Tell," though many here can remember the last performance of its Italian incarnation, "Guglielmo Tell" (first sung at Lucca on September 17, 1831) given by the Metropolitan Opera. That was December 5, 1931, with a cast worth remembering in part: Giuseppe Danise (Tell), Giacomo Lauri-Volpi (Arnoldo), Ezio Pinza (Walter Furst), and Editha Fleischer (Matilda). The conductor was the same Tullio Serafin who recently returned to New York to conduct opera at the City Center. All of the score that those of us who never heard "Guglielmo Tell" in Europe or at the Metropolitan two decades and more ago can be very familiar with would be the overture, Matilda's "Selva opaca" ("Sombre forêt" in the original), Arnoldo's "O muto asil del pianto" ("Asile héreditaire"), and a few pages of ballet music. Yet this opera contains music as original, well-imagined, and superbly composed as anything in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." It was long considered Rossini's masterpiece—is so considered today by many who have studied its colossal score with fascinated eyes and hungry ears.



As we who have not been able to let operatic desire draw us about the map of Europe hear (by grace of LP) more and more once-famous, but now unfamiliar, operas, the so-called standard repertoire stops looking merely peculiar and becomes maddening. That ticket-buying opera-lovers do not arise and force opera managers in this vast, wealthy country of ours to find—and at once, now—methods and means for producing such masterworks as (to confine ourselves to the nineteenth century) "Les Deux Journées," "La Vestale," "Les Troyens," "Les Huguenots," "I Puritani," and "Guillaume Tell" quite passes understanding. Surely most opera-goers can name ten overfamiliar warhorses that they would serenely do without for ten years for an opportunity to hear any of these in adequate performance (we dare not ask for more). Of the six I have picked at random, LP has now given us "La Vestale" and "Guglielmo Tell," and has just brought forth of "Les Troyens" at least "Les Troyens à Carthage." The recorded performances may bilk perfection (but when is opera perfect?), but they at least allow us to enjoy understanding the glamour and beauty and drama that made nineteenth-century opera the greatly vital musical entertainment it was. There was more to it, much more, than just the towering greatness of Verdi and Wagner. And the best of that more should be heard. The present recording of "Guglielmo Tell" proves that, beyond question.

For not staging the five-act opera that Rossini composed to a botched version of Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," many reasons can be advanced. Only one matters: few modern listeners would survive its inordinate length. But for not staging the shortened French version or the four-act "Guglielmo Tell"—even, if necessary, with the unobtrusive cuts made in this recording—no sufficient reason exists. It is a better opera in almost every way than "Tannhäuser," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "La Gioconda," or "Lakmé"—and no role in it would severely strain the resources of today's best singers. Well, perhaps the high C's of Arnold would frighten our tenors. Yet I suspect that good will and some directorial diplomacy could calm them to the state of being able to get through "O muto asil del pianto" without positive strangulation.

In any case, all gratitude to Cetra-Soria for giving us "Guglielmo Tell"* well recorded except for occasional peculiar monitoring, apparently to produce pianissimos and fortissimos Maestro Rossi did not intend. Conductor, chorus, and soloists sound as though they believed in the greatness of most of this music—and well they might! Giuseppe Taddei is a dignified, convincing Tell; it is a pleasure to listen to him. None of the others is quite up to his excellence and understanding. But Rosanna Carteri sings Matilda well enough so that we can discover why sane men a century ago and fifty years ago thought "Selva opaca" one of the great soprano arias—and Mario Filippeschi carries out a like service for "O muto asil del pianto." The wholly remarkable evocation in tone of pastoral Switzerland throughout the first act is conveyed with an attention to detail worthy of all respect. The tempos are varied sensitively, the singers kept in reasonable rein, the crises of action and volume loosed with passion. Far from sounding like the reanimation of a museum piece, much of this recording may be expected to stand listeners' hair on end.

Yes, the libretto of "Guglielmo Tell" is often silly, but what about that of "Pelléas et Mélisande"? Yes, the opera has dull stretches—but is "Parsifal" without them? Yes, but, and if. But do these demurrers really matter? I think not. Let this recording of a great and honest music-drama work its white magic on you. That magic is securely in the grooves of these four records. I fancy that then you may join me in the determination that some Saturday afternoon at two o'clock (one-thirty, if necessary) we shall hear the overture to "Guglielmo Tell" radiating from the stage of the world's leading lyric theater, Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street in New York. Instead, let us pray, of . . .

---

*ROSSINI: *"Guglielmo Tell." Mario Rossi conducting the Orchestra and Chorus of Radio Italiana of Turin, with Giuseppe Taddei, Mario Filippeschi, Rosanna Carteri, and others.* (Cetra-Soria LP 1232, $23.80.)

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A Berlioz Premiere

ROBERT LAWRENCE

HECTOR BERLIOZ had two lifelong literary passions: Virgil and Shakespeare. As a boy, he had occasion to learn the "Aeneid" in the home of his father, a cultured physician who dwelt not far from Lyon; later in Paris, he fell in love simultaneously with the works of Shakespeare and the actress who interpreted them, Henrietta Smithson. Identification with the British poet was to bring him one of the greatest successes of his career, the "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony, hailed even in his lifetime (Berlioz did not often meet with praise from his French contemporaries). Admiration for Virgil was to launch him on his last important work, "The Trojans," and provide him with a scaffolding for failure.

No other work cost this composer quite so much suffering. Immersed not only in the story of Dido and Aeneas but in a vision of all Mediterranean antiquity, he composed both text and music. The result was an enormously long epic, bypassed at first by the Paris Opéra in favor of Wagner's revised "Tannhäuser" and later ignored by that institution. Practical need for production finally drove Berlioz to divide the work into two shorter operas: "The Fall of Troy" and "The Trojans at Carthage." The Carthaginian episode (the story of Dido and Aeneas) was given during Berlioz's lifetime at a secondary Paris theatre, inadequately equipped for the grandeurs of scene and music; "The Fall of Troy" was never heard by the composer and did not reach the opera stage until thirty years after his death.

This composer, as stylist, offers a baffling problem. The exuberance of his youthful works, such as the "Symphonie Fantastique" and "Harold," their freedom of expression and bold handling of orchestral masses have earned him the tag of arch-romantic. Throughout his earlier years, the creative pulse beat wildly. From the musical standpoint, however, he was always a formalist, a conservative whose love of balance and economy grew more marked with age. Many of the sounds made by his instruments were radical for the time; but the harmonies they played were traditional. The ascetic Berlioz of the last years conceived of "The Trojans" as a work in the direct line of his idols, Gluck and Spontini: noble, reserved, vast.

"The Fall of Troy" reaches the heights of classical drama. Strength and pathos are in text and music. The character of Cassandra is one of the great figures in opera, and the entrance of the wooden horse into the gates of Troy makes for an overwhelming scene. Less direct and more stately—also more cumbersome—is "The Trojans at Carthage." Here, inspiration alternates with conventionalized arias and duets. The sound of the music is wonderful but the mood sometimes remote. Clearly, Berlioz is trying for the spaciousness of antiquity, vistas of great colonnades, the sphere of mythical heroes. When he succeeds, as in the symphonic interlude known as "The Royal Hunt and Storm," or in the entire last act, this is an opera to be set beside the finest. Lesser moments bring an impression of tedium.

The recording of "The Trojans at Carthage" just issued by Westminster (WAL 304, $18.50) is virtually complete. Except for one inconsequential cut (the second stanza of Hylas's song), all of the score has been faithfully presented. For the Berlioz student this is an important opportunity to hear a major work never yet given here in operatic form and rarely produced in Europe. The text which accompanies the album contains an excellent new English translation by Sam Morgenstern.

From the standpoint of pleasurable, rather than scholarly, listening the album is less attractive. It might have been wiser to record both sections of "The Trojans" with judicious cuts, selecting the best sections of each. As matters now stand, there are too many passages that wrap themselves around the shaft of the work like a parasitic growth, and threaten to strangle it. How much of the recording's dullness is the fault of Berlioz and how much should be laid at the door of the performers is hard to say, since presentations of "The Trojans" are too infrequent to have established any standards. Acquaintance with the Beecham disc of the "Royal Hunt," however, and with the phenomenal record made two decades ago by the tenor Georges Thill ("Inutiles Regrets") persuade one that there is far more in the score than has been realized by the conductor, Hermann Scherchen, and his cast.

Most of the tempi are too brisk, with violations not only of metronomic markings, but of dramatic effectiveness. Some of the orchestral playing, as in the ballet music, is brilliant. Other places lack nuance and occasionally, as in the horn solos of the "Royal Hunt," accuracy. In an opera demanding great voices, the singers unfortunately do not measure up to the task. Arda Mandikian, the Dido, lacks the weight and color of the true mezzo-soprano; Jean Giraudeau, as Aeneas, has simply not the pealing tones required; and the others, except for an agreeable Anna (Jeannine Collard) and an expertly sung Narbal (Xavier Depraz), are in the same gray vein. A definitive "Trojans" by major artists is still awaited.

—From a Renaissance tapestry (Bettmann Archive).

Dido showing Aeneas the plans for the city of Carthage.

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Songs by Verdi

VERDI: *"Composizioni da Camera." Irma Bozzi Lucca, soprano, with Riccardo Malipiero, piano.* (Colosseum LP 1028, $4.95.)

CREDIT Colosseum with one of the sounder repertory coups in its presentation of this little-known, rarely sung Verdi repertory. The six items date from as early as 1838 and as late as 1869, which means that several phases of his career are documented in terms of expressions we had not previously known about.

Of greatest interest are "In Solitaria Stanza" and "Deh, Pietoso, Oh Addolorata," both of 1838 (when Verdi was in his mid-twenties, though the figures 1830-1901 given on the sleeve for the composer's birth and death dates would have made these expressions precocious indeed). In each there are astounding forecasts of the strong individuality he was soon to express in opera, the first, especially, marked by a phrase almost directly quoted later on in "La Traviata." The second (whose poet is named as "Volfango Goethe") is a longer, more personal and deeply expressive invocation to the "Mother of Sorrows," with a climax of soaring eloquence. The titles of the others, all worth hearing, are "Il Poveretto," "Stornello," "Il Mistero," and "Ad Una Stella."

Signora Bozzi Lucca is an intelligent, thoroughly able soprano, unfortunately burdened by a rather white, penetrating tonal quality, decidedly unusual in an Italian singer. However, she also has a superior feeling for word values and phrasing, which, on balance, is more to the advantage of the music than a luscious voice, less well used, would be. Malipiero's piano playing is all that it needs to be, and both elements are well reproduced—assuming that the Bozzi Lucca voice does have the edge that this reproduction gives to it. In any case, the material is well worth the attention of anyone interested in out of the way vocal material.

An historical footnote might be appended concerning the piano parts. Though the earliest of these songs were written a decade after Schubert's death, when the function of the accompaniment had greatly altered, there is no indication that Verdi knew of his existence. —THE EDITOR.

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The New New Orleans

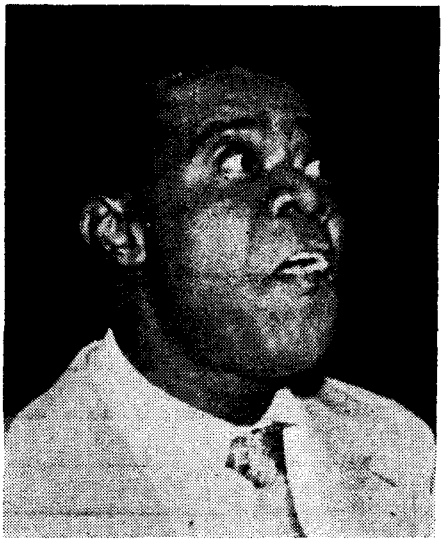
WILDER HOBSON

IT HAS become a cliché among apologists of "modern" jazz to say that since the sociological conditions under which New Orleans hot music developed no longer exist, it is useless for latecoming players to yearn after the New Orleans feeling. Obviously, no one can expect the history of music, or anything else, to repeat itself exactly. But the bromide above seems to me to involve a fundamental error. There is the inference that what is of prime value in music is intimately connected with the social conditions in which the music is made. Whereas, in fact, the glorious enlargements of late Mozart would seem to have little to do with the composer's steady progress toward a pauper's grave. And the succinct elegance and wit of Erik Satie's music, possibly suggesting his café conversation, would scarcely indicate that he went home every night to a seamy flat in one of the drabber suburbs of Paris where, it is said, he never received another single human being.

I should prefer to say, as many have said before me, that fine music proceeds out of what may be called the subconscious or the subliminal, or some other term to suggest the inner recesses and resources of the spirit, and that it is precisely *individual* wealth in this department which makes possible distinguished musical creation. To return to the New Orleans theme, some of the best early jazz was made by New Orleans boys from the dark-skinned, hard-pressed, proletarian side of town, and some by boys from the high yellow, relatively respectable and solvent areas of the city. The common denominator was not social condition or outlook. It was that personal mystery and godsend known as musical spirit and inventiveness. In that sense, Louis Armstrong and Jelly Roll Morton spoke the same language.

Just about all that can be said by way of an over-all definition of New Orleans style is something like as follows: "Group improvisation in jazz rhythms on themes familiar in New Orleans." And even this blatant generality is open to acute objections. Jelly Roll Morton, for instance, liked to write out parts as well as to lead improvising ensembles. New Orleans appears to have been full of solo as well as group improvisation. And, naturally, within the Crescent City many individual and differing accents found it possible to join in the music making. Any keen student of the records can spot many of them. And it is my point, I repeat, that it is the *individual accents or talents*, working within the general New Orleans idiom, which make the value of the music when it has special value. King Oliver has one captivating voice, and Armstrong another, and Bunk Johnson still another, etc.

Now the New Orleans idiom of group improvising broken by solo flights has not vanished with the historic bawdy houses or legendary New Orleans marching clubs. It still exists; it is still a wonderfully elastic medium for the use of gifted musicians, and, now as formerly, it is the *individual* gifts of the *individual* musicians which make the difference. The classic jazz procedure of a front row (say clarinet, cornet, trombone) playing spontaneously, on known chord sequences, against a rhythm section (say piano, bass, drums) seems to me as challenging and potentially fruitful as it ever was. The players may wish to complicate their underlying chord sequence. They may be daft for dissonance or atonality. They may want be-bop or Cuban style percussion. There is room for all this in the idiom. And, in any case, it will be grossly misleading to say that the New Orleans style is dead, unrecapturable. It has been growing, ramifying, in the hands of distinctive individual musicians.



Louis Armstrong—"out of the subconscious."

These long, and I hope not too turgid, thoughts have been called up by the latest LP from the superb little band which in recent months has had Louis Armstrong, trumpet; Jack Teagarden, trombone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Earl Hines, piano; Cozy Cole, drums; Arvell Shaw, bass, and Velma Middleton, vocalist. The record is "Satchmo at Pasadena" (Decca DL 8041, $4.85), inscribed during a concert at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium in January 1951. Here is music which will almost certainly strike the more rigid New Orleans nostalgics as having too much latter-day polish, too few honky-tonk, Storeyville connotations, to fill their bill. And yet, in the sense in which I have been talking, this is music which I should call an iridescent development out of the New Orleans past. Armstrong, in recent years, has purified his melodic line and floated out his long rhythmic patterns in ways which I find wholly irresistible. Teagarden is a master of nuance in the tailgate trombone tradition. I would as soon hear Earl Hines strike out a middle tempo on the jazz piano, one hand's rhythm countering the other's with the utmost sublety, as any percussive experience I can think of. On this disc there are many buoyant delights, including "Indiana," "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans," "That's a Plenty," "You Can Depend on Me," and an especially intoxicating version of the old Armstrong-Hines classic, "My Monday Date." After almost a quarter of a century the boys repeat this one with a relaxed command which should fascinate admirers of their earlier, youthful version.

Abruptly changing the subject, I seem to have a deaf spot for certain musicians widely admired by people whose tastes I generally find easy to share. One such artist is Billie Holliday, whose long-lagging rhythms I usually find an unpleasant form of distortion. Another is Lee Wiley, a singer who seems to me to crowd on too much feminine, sentimental pressure, with a vibrato which I find excessive. I wish, as a singer, she could be either hotter or cooler. In any event, while she has often been accompanied by jazz bands, she strikes me as having more of a cocktail-bar voice, and she has now made two LP's with the plushy and appropriate double piano accompaniment of Cy Walter and Stan Freeman. One is a group of songs by Irving Berlin (Columbia CL 6216, $3.00) and the other a batch of Vincent Youmans (Columbia CL 6215, $3.00). In the magenta, café manner so widely in demand, she is hard to beat.

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Two by Haydn

HAYDN: *Symphonies in F minor (No. 49, "La Passione") and D major (No. 73, "La Chasse"). Harry Newstone conducting the Haydn Orchestra, London.* (Haydn Society SL-1052, $5.95.)

AMONG symphonies of what we have now learned to refer to, learnedly, as Haydn's "middle period," "La Passione" has long had the repute of one of the more remarkable. Thanks to the continuing enterprise of the Haydn Society, we can now submit that repute to personal trial, and offer a concurring judgment. Of other Haydn symphonies known to me it most resembles the "Farewell" (No. 45, in the minor key of F sharp) in its almost compulsive trend to the minor mode, its reflection of the composer's determination to have his say whether what he is saying is what the audience of the time wanted to hear or not.

Of quite another mood is "La Chasse," written a dozen years and two dozen symphonies after "La Passione." It verges closely on the last dozen and a half in variety, high spirits, and brilliant exposition of the range of the orchestra. Of special note is the finale, originally written as an entr'acte to "La Fedeltà premiata," an opera concerned with Diana. It is from the hunting calls and fanfares appropriate to this subject that the work derives its title.

Harry Newstone is a name new both to fame and the phonograph, both of which may be served by more examples of his sensitive, purposeful work here. (A Canadian by birth, he has had all his musical training in England, where he now makes his home.) The finale of "La Passione" drags a bit, and more verve would not be out of place in "La Chasse," but his musical objectives are consistently worthwhile. His orchestra is first class, and its reproduction highly successful. The more one hears of Haydn symphonies prior to the late ones, the more one realizes that an inclination to thinness in the reproduced sound is inherent in the instrumentation, which is skimpy of bass. We might remember this in adjusting a high fidelity machine accordingly.

THE EDITOR.

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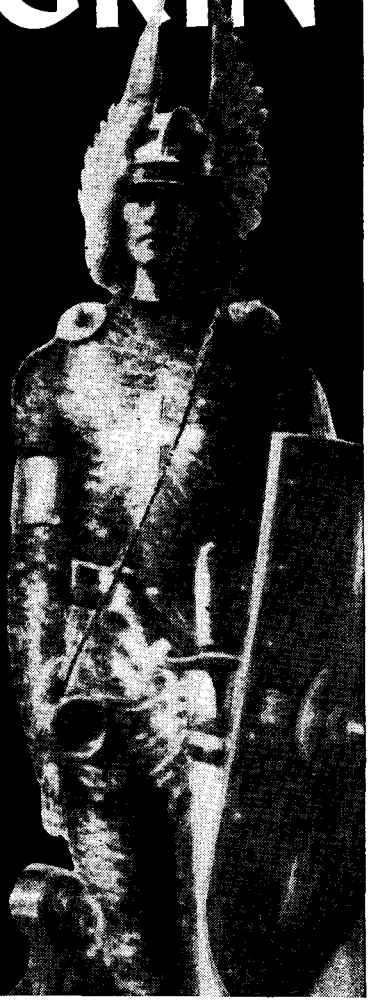

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Verdi, Verdi, Wagner

IRVING KOLODIN

IN A month that offers the first full-length recordings of Verdi's "Don Carlos" and Wagner's "Lohengrin," it must surely seem perverse to direct attention first to still "another" recording of "Il Trovatore." But is this still "another" recording of "Il Trovatore" or is it "the" recording? It, too, has its share of innovation, with Jussi Bjoerling and Zinka Milanov both engaged in a full-length recording for the first time, and the artistry of Leonard Warren and Fedora Barbieri to provide as firm a four-pillar foundation as one can imagine. (RCA Victor LM 6008, $11.14.)

If there are those who still love *bel canto*—and the sale of notable reissues would suggest that there are—here is a serving of it unparalleled in months. Fortunately, Bjoerling was less than fully active in the weeks that preceded this effort, with results that may be read in the fresh sound of the tender complaint of "Ah si ben mio" and the clarion call of "Di quella pira," to mention two show pieces for Manrico. In the ensembles he is equally superb, which means that we have the peerless Manrico of our time both in full length and profile. With negligible vacillations, Milanov is every bit as good, and in some amazing phrases even better. I deplore the vacillations, which could, with a bit more time, have been erased; but in terms of her standard of say, 1945 this is singing of a steadiness one had always hoped she would attain and never quite believed she would.

Di Luna, of course, is one of Warren's great roles, and he is as much in command of it as he was last year in another specialty, the notable "Rigoletto." Barbieri may not have the burning flame that Cloe Elmo has imparted to Azucena, but in the later phases of the role—especially "Giorno poveri"—her free ranging tones and broad style are aptly opposed to the characterizations of Bjoerling and Milanov.

Given such materials, Renato Cellini has organized a performance of powerful dramatic impact and consistent musical virtue. I suppose it is too much to ask that opera singers conform to the letter of Verdi's score (the deviations are mostly in cadenzas, in the intrusion of "traditional" appogiaturas and fermati), but it is surprising how they accept an easy alternative when the more difficult one is completely beyond them (the climax of Milanov's "D'amor sull' ali rosee" for example). Save for an expendable duplication in "Di quella pira" and six pages of Leonora's part after "D'amor sull' ali rosee," the score is given complete. The full-bodied, excellently balanced recording is of the type of "Rigoletto" and "Carmen," even a shade more adroit in the perfect representation of the Bjoerling and Milanov voices.

OF the numerous worthy services credited to Cetra, I would place "Don Carlo" (Cetra-Soria LP set 1234, $23.80) among the worthiest in conception, the most stirring in execution. Much of this may seem, at first thought, attributable to the participation of Nicola Rossi-Lemeni as King Philip; but his contribution, good as it is, ranks finally as no more than the darkest jewel in a string of brighter ones. Though it is barely two years since Verdi's regal drama was brought back to life in this country, we have some durable phonographic standards in these matters, and Fernando Previtali's direction must surely be rated as dramatically and musically compelling.

Much of my pleasure came from the superb work of Ebe Stignani as Eboli and Maria Caniglia as Elisabetta. Neither, of course, is any longer a fresh-voiced singer, but Stignani is a virtual war-horse as Eboli, rising to every challenge magnificently, with an "O Don fatale" that is a throwback to her days of glory. Caniglia is less consistent, with an occasional hoot and a more than occasional scoop to betray the toll time has taken of her voice. But, like Stignani, she knows the role like the back of her hand, and compensates, with surety in dramatic purpose, for what she may lack in smooth formation of the vocal line.

Together, Stignani and Caniglia pitch the drama on a level of mature passion which strikes me as a perfect foil for the more youthful theatrics of Mirto Picchi, who can be described as a more strident Bjoerling. He hasn't yet learned how fully to discipline his bright ringing tones, but it is at best a luscious sound to contrast, duetwise, with the thicker, powerful one of Paolo Silveri as Rodrigo. Of the other males, Rossi-Lemeni is assuredly an excellent Philip, though his voice is wider than it is deep and he rather palpably fakes the low G's and F's of the part. However, he draws a striking picture with his voice, which, one can imagine, would be twice as effective were the eye engaged as well as the ear. As pure vocalism, the scene with the Inquisitor is stolen by Giulio Neri, whose voluminous tones

Milanov, Bjoerling, Warren—"consistent musical virtue."

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give awesome weight to the pronouncements of terror.

One may mention, in the aftermath of the close attention a recording permits, that the elements which originally attracted one's ear to "Don Carlo" — this overwhelming scene, particularly, and its capping climax in Eboli's "O don fatale"—steadily become an integral part of a deeply impressive score rather than brilliant extrusions from a rather uneven one. Certainly, the scene of the auto-da-fé is as macabre as anything in music, the chorus of the Lowlanders imploring mercy one of the most touching moments in Verdi. Even the "Mandolin" air of Act I (in this version) has a new shade of meaning when phrased by such an artist as Stignani.

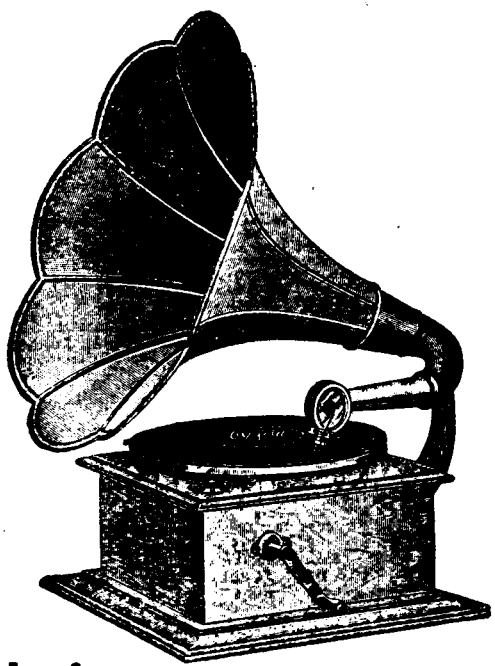
However, the central core of "Don Carlo" is the emotional relation of Don Carlo to Posa, even to the latter's sacrificial death to promote the freedom that can be better served by a monarch than by a subject. Damon and Pythias form one image of man's love for a fellow man: Posa and Don Carlo posit something of the same sort, expressed with the eloquence that only Verdi could bring to this kind of masculine relationship. Sometime, at leisure, it would be worth studying in detail, through the range of his works, with subtle shades of distinction culminating in the hate inversion of Iago and Otello.

As rewarding as anything else in this set is the continuing evidence of Cetra's attention to technical detail, its steady improvement in fidelity especially to the orchestral sound. "Don Carlo" is one of the most strikingly colored of Verdi's scores and the deep brass, the wailing oboe, the tentative flute are all firmly accounted for. I can't imagine another "Don Carlo" soon, but this should take care of most needs for a while to come.

THE complete "Lohengrin" (and a check with the score leaves no doubt that it is complete) calls for more guarded compliments to Urania, which is striving to do for German opera what Cetra has done so well for Italian and is finding the terrain a challenging one to cultivate. Here the compliments may begin with the highly skilful leadership of Rudolf Kempe, a conductor of poise and knowledge, who bears his end of the cultivator with a firm hand. This is certainly the best sounding Wagner Urania has yet produced, with strings that sing and woodwinds that vibrate but do not bleat. Brass, likewise, have been handled with taste and the balance is mostly non-objectionable (Urania URLP 225, $30.25).

Moreover, this "Lohengrin" has what a reasonable performance of the score cannot do without—a properly lyric, vibrant voice for Lohengrin. It belongs to George Vincent, an American tenor, and presumably young, whose vocal clarity and identity with the style are decidedly unusual. If he can do in the opera house what he does on these discs, he is wasting our time by staying in Germany; we have need of him at the Metropolitan. The experienced Margarete Klose is a generally superior Ortrud and Kurt Böhme's powerful bass doesn't wobble more than is par for singers of King Henry.

Here, however, the qualifications set in, and they are much a matter of method as of personnel. Both Marianne Schech as Elsa and Andreas Boehm as Telramund have usable voices and talents, but it doesn't sound to me as though they had sufficent time to put their best into every measure. Strident phrases alternate with suave ones and even Vincent sounds, at times, to be pushing a temporarily tired voice. In justice to such a conductor as Kempe and the good engineers, the budget should have been drawn to make possible a consistently first-class effort, rather than one that wavers back and forth like a needle on a Vu meter and never quite comes to rest anyplace.



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Recordings in Review

LP = "Living Presence"

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *"Scheherazade." Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.* (Mercury MG 50009, $5.95.)

LET there be no more talk of advantageous auditoriums or adverse ones, "phonogenic" spaces or those in which good acoustical work "cannot" be done. First in Chicago's Orchestra Hall and now in Minneapolis's Northrup Auditorium (as Capitol has likewise proven in Pittsburgh's Syria Mosque) engineering wit and musical wisdom have been marshaled to provide us with some of the finest sound yet put into grooves—and the combined reputation of the places involved would make every venture seemed foredoomed to failure.

Part of the answer would appear to be the marvelous Telefunken mike. But it is celebrated fact that no mike can pick up more than is offered to it, or anything better than the engineering team involved considers a fair image of the sound it wants to reproduce. So, in recognizing the sterling quality of this "Scheherazade"—which combines, it seems to me, all the good qualities of the preceding series designated by Mercury as "Living Presence" and avoids some of the excesses that deformed the "Pictures at an Exhibition," etc., made in Chicago—one must give credit not only to conductor Dorati but also to the recording director, David Hall, the field engineer, Bob Fine, and the studio engineer, George Piros.

As compared to the best FFRR accomplishments, the high-water marks of RCA Victor and Columbia, Capitol and Westminster, the sound is leaner, less tangibly rich, insinuating rather than overwhelming. But it certainly introduces a new quality factor into the appraisal of reproduced sound, one which emphasizes detail rather than mass, the slight but highly appreciated distinctions between muted violins and open cellos, tambourine and cymbal. In an area where improvement can only be measured in the elimination of imperfections, it marks a slight but valuable inching forward toward the inaccessible ultimate.

Is the Dorati "Scheherazade" *per se* worth all this? Hardly. It is in many respects an excellently prepared likeness of the score, with violin solos of quality by Rafael Druian, accurate if not glittering management of the other virtuoso challenges, a highly respectable *esprit* throughout. But Dorati's least impressive movement is the third ("The Young Prince and the Young Princess"), where the burden on the conductor is heaviest; and the finale races where it should march, with one rather seeringly *gauche* phrasing at the climax.

The net result is a glorification of the commonplace, but what a glorification!

Toscanini's Brahms No. 4

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 4 in E minor. Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor LM 1713, $5.72.)

IT'S close to twenty years since Toscanini played the Fourth Symphony of Brahms for the first time with the N.Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra (in the spring of 1934) and gave a new perspective on his still developing art as a symphonic interpreter to some of the unbelieving. As of then, it was still possible to find his Brahms No. 1 a little chaotic (in the first movement) and arbitrary, without the broad line and deep surge of feeling some of us attached to that music.

The performance that year of the Fourth Symphony was revelatory not only of much about the music, but even more about Toscanini. For it fitted a closer conception of traditional Brahms than had been heard in other works (always excepting the "Haydn Variations"). One could even work out a theory that the unmistakable melodic contours of the opening (which, nevertheless, some conductors manage to mistake) had set him firmly on a path that led without digression or deviation to the symphony's end.

What may be heard in this latest addition to his catalogue is a conception purer, more noble, and less cluttered than any other on records, which blends with that undeviating sense of melodic contour a rhythmic iron and a marblelike chiseled phrasing which makes an imposing structure indeed. Architectural analogies are traditionally useful when other ways of suggesting the qualities of a musical interpretation fail, but they serve especially well in this instance. Spacious as the exterior design is, the interior vistas are warm, inviting, and deeply satisfying. Thanks to the use of Carnegie Hall, all the details blend, and in perfect balance.

A Rubinstein First

RUBINSTEIN: *Concerto in D minor (No. 4). Oscar Levant, piano, with the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.* (Columbia ML 4599, $5.45.)

A DILIGENT search of the Clough-Cuming "World's Encyclopædia of Recorded Music" confirms what one had known without the search—that this is the first major work of Anton Rubinstein to be recorded in its entirety. If the weighty opinion of a noted theorist I once knew is to be respected—namely, that Rubinstein had more creative genius than Robert Schumann—its dissipation in a lengthy catalogue of currently non-performed works is a subject for some musical equivalent of the FBI.

This one is certainly listenable, if one's time is not too valuable, and it has a certain illumination of creative energy relative to the time in which it was written—1875. But there is little about it, now, that isn't more than old hat; it is outdated millinery whose relevance to a time and place seems not merely passé but inexplicable.

In terms of performance, it could hardly fare better, for Levant's appraisal of its style and his delivery of its content are quite the best he has achieved on records of any non-Gershwin work. Powerful, assured, thoroughly controlled, it draws a fine line between over and understatement, especially in the dangerously facile slow movement. Columbia's treatment of the piano sound is rather harsh, the orchestral values well stated in the sympathetically forceful direction of Mitropoulos.

The Boy Grows Older—Slowly

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 4 in G. Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Hermann Scherchen.* (Westminster WL 5143, $5.95.)

SCHUBERT: *Sonata in A, Opus 120; Impromptus, Opus 90 and 142. Badura-Skoda, piano.* (Westminster WAL 205, $12.40.)

AT a normal rate of exposure, it would have taken young Paul Badura-Skoda several rounds of the concert circuit to play the major Bach and Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert works he has committed to records in

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the past year or so; and one may assume that at his age and in the time interval indicated, he would hardly have the opportunity to play the Fourth Concerto of Beethoven (or the forthcoming "Emperor"). In consequence, though he is still to make his concert debut in this country, a leveling-off in the esteem for him has already set in.

Is he but a pianistic morning glory? I don't think so. Rather he is an immensely gifted young man who finds the comparison, in the Beethoven concerto, with such titans as Gieseking or Backhaus, a little premature; and, in the Schubert Impromptus, the standard of the established but still developing Firkusny more than he can presently match. Oddly, too, his Impromptus strike me as more deliberate and less fluent in their statement than Firkusny's, where one would expect the younger man to be more impulsive. The sonata is charmingly played, on a rather small scale.

Shostakovich in Duplicate

SHOSTAKOVICH: *Quintet, Opus 57. Hollywood String Quartet, with Victor Aller, piano.* (Capitol P-8171, $4.98.) *Chigi Quintet.* (London LL 500, $5.95.)

THE appearance, almost simultaneously, of versions of this work from Italy and our West Coast argues at least one thing: an abiding affection for the score among chamber musicians around the map. However, it is hard to hear in it the qualities to justify that esteem, for the materials are slight in scope, the sequence of ideas hardly provocative. What is relatively interesting in its expression seems more than ever before to be derived from Prokofiev, an influence which may, in time's fulness, embrace a large area of Shostakovich's output.

Taken together, the performances offer an interesting study in values, for the playing of the Chigi ensemble, by itself, would seem to have a good share of persuasiveness. However, the collateral hearing shows any number of plus values in the performance of the Hollywood ensemble—a more incisive accent, a keener rhythmic definition, greater contrast in dynamic values and melodic shading. Nuances that are scarcely audible in the playing of the Chigi's pianist (Sergio Lorenzi) stand out sharply in Aller's crisp-fingered work, and the line of thought is always clearly defined. Doubtless this is partially a consequence of the recording, which Capitol has accomplished with more justice to the particular problem involved than London has.

Variations on a Theme by Shaw

SHAW: *"Don Juan in Hell." Charles Laughton, Agnes Moorehead, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Charles Boyer.* (Columbia LP set SL 166, $12.11.)

IT would deeply please the ironic heart of Bernard Shaw, I imagine, that his impracticable and unperformable "Don Juan in Hell" is not only a vast success on the commercial stage in this aftermath of his death, but the first of any of his works to be issued in permanent form on discs. It would confirm him in a lifelong belief that the only impracticable works are those by men without talent, and that the test of the unperformable is the willpower of those determined to perform it.

Having been otherwise occupied when Laughton and company were demonstrating this thesis in person, I come to the recording with no more preparation than countless thousands similarly deprived. I find the repute for the performance magnificently if not unexceptionably sustained, and the sound sense for the perpetuation of it unarguable. The pros are unqualified, so far as Laughton's wonderfully flexible devil, Miss Moorehead's delightful Ana, and Sir Cedric's very British Commendatore are involved; Boyer's vivacity and subtlety are attractive, his often slurred and misinflected treatment of the English word values decidedly not, an especially annoying trait in the great peroration, where we have to work against what Boyer is saying to get at what GBS is thinking.

On the printed page, "Don Juan in Hell" is a play of words from the four compass points of opinion represented by the characters involved, with the weathervane of reason blown this way and that as the winds of thought

Charles Laughton—"wondrously flexible."

quarter and freshen. To render it in speech on discs may invite queries and questions, even reflections, on the literate capacity of any adult to savor the sense of the argument with his own eyes, from the printed page.

Why listen? For no more nor less reason than impels people who can read the text of Beethoven's "Appasionata" or Schubert's "Erlkönig" to appreciate the intercession of a Schnabel or a Schumann-Heink. The function of the interpreter is no less pertinent in one realm than in the other. Laughton's devil, I am sure, is a different fellow from yours or mine, re-created from the printed page—and, so far as mine goes, a superior one. Likewise Hardwicke and Moorehead. Boyer, for that matter, is all individuality also, though not many of us would invent a Don Juan with his special kind of French accent.

Given a dozen more listenings, I think I could propose a sound musical analogy for the form in which Shaw cast his inimitable variations on life, death, morality, cowardice, marriage, the romantic urge, etc. Whether it would be a symphonic structure, with introduction, allegro, scherzo, slow movement, and finale, I hesitate to say; variations seem more probable, if a shade obvious; a free improvisation possible if structurally disappointing. What is perfectly plain, however, is a musical sense of statement and counterstatement, theme and exposition, thoughtful point and verbal counterpoint, in which solos, cadenzas, and reprises come and go with infinite art.

In this highly practicable and enormously accessible arrangement of Shaw's text, Columbia has conferred one boon on the phonographic consumer denied to those who paid their money for the fleeting impression in the theatre, lyceum, or concert hall: the privilege of adding any amount of imaginative pictorial data to the heard sound. Once launched on the tide of Shaw's oceanic language, Laughton can be as tall as Pinza, Boyer as slim as Farley Granger, Moorehead even fairer than Moorehead. By some inexplicable evasion of Shaw's central theme—namely, man's inadequacy for the function that has been thrust upon him—the wit and fervor of that argument now exist in far more vigorous form than ever before. Does this weaken one central cyclonic gust from Laughton's devil that "Man measures his strength by his destructiveness"? No, but it argues that some men have created counterforces of still inadequate but no less hopeful constructiveness.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Brandenburg" Concertos in F (No. 2) and G (No. 4). Karl Haas and the London Baroque Ensemble. Westminster WL 5113, $5.95.	Well-phrased, brightly paced performances of which the special distinction is the use of recorders instead of the more customary flutes. Whether "authentic" or not, I find the sound thin and without tonal variety. Moreover, the trumpet in No. 2 is played an octave below the the dazzling register prescribed.
Bernstein: "Fancy Free" (Three Dances). Alexander Hilsberg conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra "Pops." Columbia AAL 17, $2.85.	An acoustical extravaganza with some of the clearest xylophone beats and other isolated sonorities yet purveyed. Musically the Bernstein inventions now sound more machine-made than inspired, rather pallid without the action. Four excerpts from Walton's "Façade" Suite leave one's high opinion of Walton undiminished. Both scores are well served by Hilsberg.
Brahms: Concerto in B flat (No. 2). Wilhelm Backhaus, piano, with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Carl Schuricht. London LL 628, $5.95.	Broadly conceived, spacious phrasing by Backhaus, who plays with enduring strength and undiminished sensitivity. Easily the best of versions available on LP, with Schuricht wholly qualified for his assignment and the orchestra collaborating handsomely. The recording is especially notable for a robust bass which not all machines may be able to handle.
Dvorak: Symphony in E minor (No. 5). George Szell and the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Columbia ML 4541, $5.45.	Those acquainted with the Szell-Czech Philharmonic version of old will hear in this one not only a more palpable echo of that conception, but a more vibrant, energized treatment than he espoused before. The sound is a close match for the recent fine Kubelik-Chicago in clarity of detail and, to my taste, with a softer, more musical "overlay" of sonority. Neither has the plushy texture of the Stokowski, nor its personalized distortions either. On balance, the honor is Szell's.
Handel: "Apollo e Dafne." Margaret Ritchie, soprano, and Bruce Boyce, baritone, with Anthony Lewis conducting. L'Oiseau-Lyre LP 14, $5.95.	Charming melodic fancy, high art in constructing varied and absorbing backgrounds from limited instrumental resources are the special distinctions of this cantata from Handel's Italian period (1707-1710). As those who know Boyce from the EDA "St. Matthew Passion" will recall, he is a musicianly singer without luxurious vocal quality. Ritchie does not sound as well in this work as in the one immediately below, but her work is in style. Likewise the conducting of Lewis. The recording has admirable clarity, but also a little acoustical shallowness, with undue prominence for the voices. The material, however, remains irresistible.
Mahler: Symphony in G (No. 4). Eduard van Beinum and the Concertgebouw Orchestra. London LL 618, $5.95.	At first contact, the superb definition and brightness of this recording suggests that it must necessarily yield more of Mahler than the older, less dazzling Walter. However, a comparison soon shifts the emphasis from what is heard to how it is motivated, and in this dimension Walter remains a far more knowing (as well as feeling) spokesman for Mahler. Margaret Ritchie is a very able soprano in the finale, but my preference remains with Desi Halban. London earns our thanks, certainly, for a splendid addition to the Mahler literature, if not for adducing more about the Fourth than previously known.
Mozart: Requiem. Josef Messner conducting, with Hilde Gueden, Rosette Anday, Julius Patzak, and Josef Greindl. Remington LP set 199-96, $4.98.	A sound performance of the Requiem (done at the Salzburg Festival of 1951) by any standards, and by the economic ones of this label, an attractive buy. Of the soloists, it is Greindl, the least known, who is close to the best—a musician of quality with a dark, broad-beamed bass voice which gives sinister impact to his "Tuba mirum." Mechanically, the balance is far from ideal, the strings inclined to be shrill.
Mozart: Concerto in D (No. 4). Joseph Szigeti, violin, with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic. Columbia ML 4533, $5.45.	As much a part of any "Treasury of Recorded Music" as those issued under that house flag, the welcome transfer of these masterful performances to LP (the Prokofiev Concerto No. 1 is on the overside) shows the art of Szigeti and Beecham in all-time form. Both recordings retain a substantial amount of illusion, testifying to the proper objectives that prevailed at the time they were made. There is, in fact, no cause for qualifications in recommending either.
Schubert: Symphony in C. Josef Krips conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. London LL 619, $5.95.	Each new release of this majestic work raises hopes that here, at last, will be the performance *par excellence*, and Krips is enough of a Schubertian to merit the anticipations. It is, however, merely a very good performance, with everything but overriding power (on the work's own level) to commend it. Mostly traditional in accentuations and choices of tempi, a few liberties might be illuminating. Splendid execution by the orchestra, but the microphone placement seems a bit distant to me. In soft passages the effect is impressive, but masses are blanketed a bit by too much reverberation.
Smetana: "Moldau" and "From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests." Joseph Keilberth and the Bamberg Symphony. Capitol L-8155, $3.98.	The first of these is rather heavy going as presented by Keilberth, but there is an appreciable pickup of quality in "From Bohemia's Meadows." Rather run of the microphone recording, and a suggestion of monitored dynamic contrasts in the sudden transitions from forte to piano.
Strauss: "On the Beautiful Blue Danube." Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol H-8167, $2.98.	Artful performance by Pennario of the classical Schulz-Evler transcription of the "Blue Danube" and his own effort, in much the same style, with the "Emperor Waltz." Whether or not one's fancy inclines to the tunes with chromatic trappings, Pennario's feeling for the style must be recognized as no exterior thing but a product of sensitive understanding. Uncommonly clear piano sound.
Vaughan Williams: "Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis." Anthony Collins and the strings of the New Symphony Orchestra. London LL 583, $5.95.	Not nearly so loud or arousing a performance as that of the Sibelius No. 1 recently credited to Collins, but a more flattering testimonial to his taste and musicality. The power of the work and its subtleties of design are beautifully revealed, with a quality of string sound rarely paralleled on LP. The mechanical virtues are equal in the generously conjoined "Greensleeves," Fantasy of Vaughan Williams, Elgar's "Introduction and Allegro" and "Serenade in E minor," with a descending order of musical virtue to the rather Griegish "Serenade." A must, however, for any collection of sound specialties. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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THE GIFTED LISTENER

(Continued from page 44)

rate moment presents a picture, not unlike that of the painter's canvas. But in music where there is no chronology of events, no momentary picture, nothing to "hang on to," as it were, it is the imagination and the imagination alone that has the power of balancing the combined impressions made by themes, rhythms, tone colors, harmonies, textures, dynamics, developments, contrasts.

I don't mean to make this more mysterious than it is. To draw a graph of a particular musical structure is generally possible, and may be of some help to the cultivated listener; but we do not usually wish to listen to music with diagrams in our laps. And if we did, I question the wisdom of such an idea, for too great concentration on the purely formal outlines of a piece of music might detract from free association with other elements in the piece.

No, however one turns the problem, we come back always to the curious gift that permits us to sum up the complex impressions of a piece of absolute music so that the incidents of the harmonic and melodic and textural flow of the work as it streams past us result finally in a unified and total image of the work's essence. Our success in this venture depends, first, on the clarity of the composer's conception and, second, on a delicate balance of heart and brain that makes it possible for us to be moved at the same instant that we retain the sensation of our emotional response, using it for balanced judgment later in other and different moments of response. Here, most of all, the listener must fall back upon his own gift; here, especially, analysis and experience and imagination must combine to give us the assurance that we have made our own the composer's complex of ideas.

Now, perhaps, is the moment to return to one of my principal queries: *What* has the listener understood? If anything was understood, then it must have been whatever it was the composer tried to communicate. Were you absorbed? Was your attention held? That, then, was it; for what you heard were patterns of sounds that represent the central core of the composer's being—or that aspect of it reflected in the particular work in question. One part of everything he is and knows is implicit in each composer's single work, and it is that central fact of his being that he hopes he has communicated.

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American Perspective

VIRGIL Thomson is a perplexing figure to some people who find his sophistication and intellect inconsistent with the relaxed, homespun American musical style he has developed. But it is too simple to assume that for the intellect no music exists but the most complex. Intellectual perception is always ready to accept and cope with musical complexity, but it is also chary of confusion posing as complexity and it is capable, if it goes far enough and is sufficiently cultivated in taste, to recognize inspiration in the simplest tonal pattern. It is precisely by virtue of intelligent thinking that the listener may avoid being impressed by the "Hollywood concerto" because of its mere inflatedness.

Intellectual shrewdness on Thomson's part steered the course of American music in the Thirties away from its esoteric parochialism to the point where a serious composer could write for the movies without sacrificing quality. Such eminent figures as Copland followed in his wake. Thomson's film scores are among his finest achievements. If he used folk material to fit the needs of his subject and to avoid falling into abstraction, he did so with discrimination. He chose and set his tunes with as much circumspection as he determined his movie collaborator. "The River," the second of the three documentary films for which he wrote music, was the admirable creation of Pare Lorentz, and if it told a story that everyone could apprehend, it did so with beauty and pathos that communicated itself in full only, I suspect, to the most sensitive observers.

Virgil Thomson—"relaxed, homespun."

The orchestral suite from "The River" (American Recording Society LP 8, $5.35) stirs memories of that beauty and pathos, and it becomes apparent how much Thomson's share contributed to the atmosphere of the whole production. Unlike the average theatre score that suffers from being severed from its original context, this one peculiarly embodies the essence of the original whole and carries it into the realm of listening. We need no program to relish Thomson's grasp of the precise curve of certain realms of experience in their musical equivalents: industrial expansion, for example, with its undertone of corruption and abandon, or the desolateness of the flooded and eroded areas. For completeness, however, a synopsis should have been included on the ARS sleeve.

Thomson has a remarkable gift for presenting a folk tune in naive, authentic form and then juxtaposing some sophistication, some commentary, a dissonant passage. In less skilled hands this might easily add up to awkward mixture of styles. Thomson's success owes a good deal to his excellent sense of timing. Otto Luening's "Prelude on a Hymn Tune of Billings" and "Two Symphonic Interludes," on the reverse side are modest works reflecting honest and thorough musicianship and craftsmanship.

Since folk music is common property, everyone accepts its appropriation by serious composers. But there is a class of material that has through usage similarly entered public domain even though its origins may be traced to individual composers or schools. This includes the clichés that serve the purpose of the academician who seeks to satisfy the conservative wing and achieve easy audience success. Such composers use not only the clichés but also the hackneyed modes of treating them. But in our time, when novelty is no longer set up as the unique value it was held to be a few decades ago, there are composers who approach this common body of material in the same spirit as they might approach folk music, namely, as a point of departure, but without the limitations of idiom that folklore imposes.

Among such composers Alexei Haieff stands out as one of the most vital of our young men now in their thirties, and the occasion of his first recorded work, his piano concerto, is significant indeed (ARS 9, $5.35). With such re-

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sourcefulness as his he is capable of being thoroughly unabashed in dwelling, through much of the first movement, on a figure evocative of indolent and slightly brazen jazz of the Twenties. Stated boldly by full orchestra in unisons, it is a shock only to those who are deaf to the large musical impulse of which it is a detail and the impish tricks he plays upon it, half mockingly, by instrumental and rhythmic devices and the parley between piano and orchestra.

Haieff has understood Stravinsky's legacy well enough to move about in it freely and on his own initiative. The abrupt interruption in particular he has made his own and one of the earmarks of his personal style. Too many composers fear the silence or regard it as something that went out with Mozart's cadence. Haieff puts it to extraordinary uses. At the other extreme he can fill up time, as in the second movement, with a rapid surge of notes in the manner of the *mobile perpetuum* which is rapidly becoming a dying art as composers tend to hug the ground more and more sluggishly. Along with its sweep and convincing proportions, the concerto may boast of orchestration of the highest distinction. The way in which instrumental lines return to one another just at the point at which they seem precariously to be going astray is very striking, and the workmanship not only has skill, but quality and imagination, too. The soloist, Leo Smit, supplements his enormous musicianship with a clarity in the speediest passages and a grasp of form and idiom that leave nothing to be desired.

Robert Ward's First Symphony on the reverse side is surprisingly professional for a student work executed in his early twenties. It opens pleasantly, but throughout the work the music generates prematurely to climaxes. It is a common ailment these days to strive for excitement before it is made clear what the excitement is all about. We find it also in the "Symphonic Allegro" of gifted young Roy Travis (Columbia AAL 16, $2.85.) The preoccupation with a short motive allows for little extended line. It is an immature work that offers, more than anything, merely promise, and it is a lucky stroke for a young man to achieve at this premature point of his career, as the fruit of the Gershwin Award, a Columbia recording by the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony conducted by Mitropoulos.

Walter Hendl conducts the Haieff and Thomson works, and Dean Dixon conducts the Ward and Luening. The finest results from the conducting standpoint are those achieved in "The River."

—Arthur Berger.

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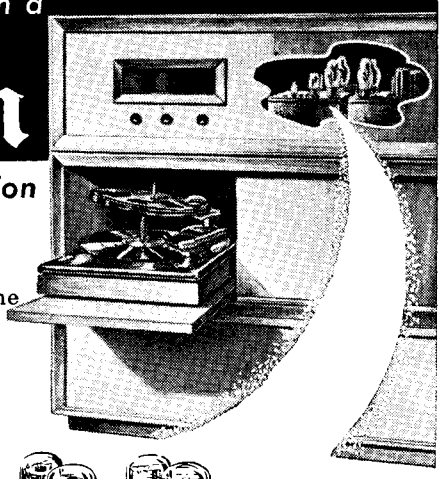

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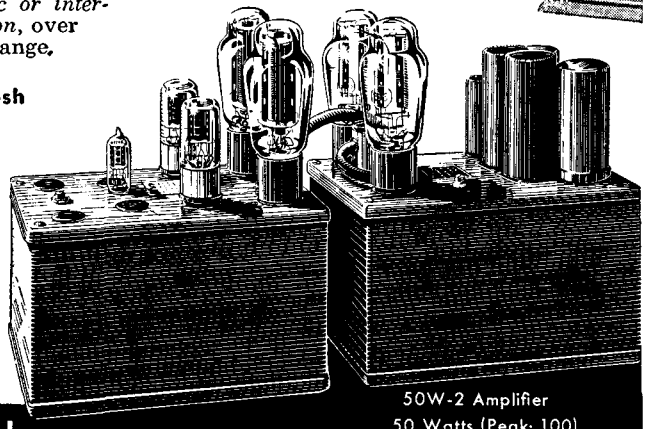

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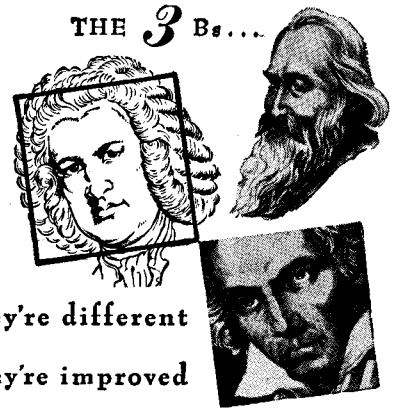

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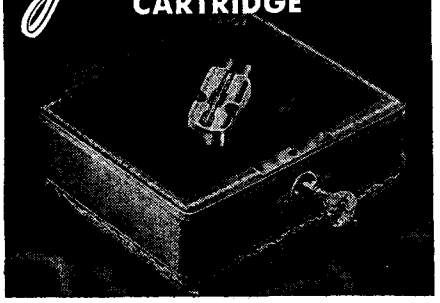

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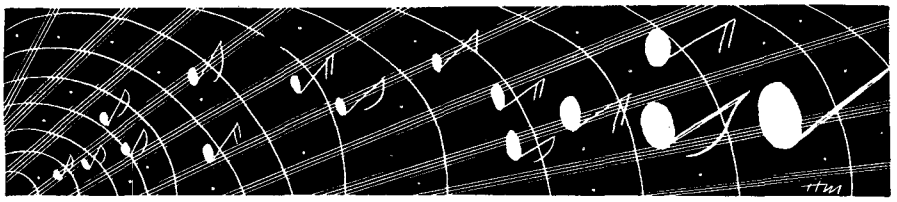

A New Speaker Principle

TAKEN all together, the weakest link in the chain of audio reproduction remains the one which seems, to the lay eye, to have the greatest exterior efficiency—the speaker itself. Trim-looking, functional in design, with clearly evident components to do the specific job involved, it seems as satisfactory a solution to the problem as can be devised. But it has several inherent weaknesses, to which a French engineer has recently addressed a new mode of procedure, with some potentially startling possibilities.

The stylus-diaphragm assembly of the early phonograph (an assembly then properly called a "speaker" after its function) was made to vibrate in recognizable imitation of any number of different voices. So uncanny was this seemingly unnatural phenomenon that when the Edison phonograph was first demonstrated before the French Académie des Sciences, suspicions were voiced that the operator who cranked the machine was using ventriloquism. However, a mechanical-acoustical device subjected to forced, imitative vibration has inherent limitations in its fidelity to the stimulating force. Ideally the device must be entirely passive, speaking only as continuously directed, without asserting any oscillatory life of its own; like a good actor it must efface its own personality in favor of the characters it plays. But actors do not entirely lose their own personality characteristics. The mechanical device retains some of the behavior patterns determined by its inherent inertia and restoring force, coloring the imitation and making it less than perfect.

Today electronics dominates all fields which are primarily concerned with the transmission and reproduction of oscillatory energy, and many formerly mechanical functions are now performed electronically. The scanning wheels of the first television receivers have been replaced by deflection coils and cathode-ray tubes; the mechanical amplifier has been replaced by the electronic audio amplifier. But the electrical output of the amplifier must be changed back again to mechanical and then acoustical form before it can be heard, and we return to the use of a mechanical speaker.

The modern moving-coil loudspeaker converts the electrical output of the amplifier into mechanical vibrations through the interaction of magnetic and electric fields. Although the tendency of the speaker's mechanical system to lapse into natural modes of behavior is partly counteracted electrically by the amplifier, the disadvantages of a suspended mechanical device still operate. Resonances formed by the inertia and elasticity of the system, uneven restraint exercised by the elastic supports during the course of the cone vibration, and the fact that elements which must transmit vibrations cease to be rigid at higher frequencies, introduce distortions which make the loudspeaker the weakest link in the reproducing assembly.

Loudspeaker engineers have made great advances, and the current emphasis on careful design of the mounting device (to provide good acoustical coupling between the speaker and the room) is well placed, but speaker distortion and frequency response ratings are still significantly worse than those of other audio components. Information on speaker amplitude distortion is conspicuously absent from the multitude of technical data appearing in audio component advertisements. The reason is not difficult to discern: while amplifier manufacturers vie with each other in boasting, justifiably, of distortion percentages that are only a fraction of 1 per cent at rated power, the very finest speakers introduce as much as 5 per cent harmonic distortion in the neighborhood of certain frequencies. The frequency response of most amplifiers is kept within a maximum variation of one or two decibels, but the output of speakers in the 150 dollar class varies over the reproduced frequency spectrum within a range of at least ten decibels. Contemporary loudspeakers perform admirably, but the buying public is used to ratings with smaller numbers.

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What, then, of the new French thinking on this subject?

In October 1946 a potentially revolutionary idea in loudspeaker design was described in *L'Onde Eléctrique* by M. S. Klein. Klein called his invention the "ionic" loudspeaker. In it the electro-mechanical stage is bypassed, and there are no moving mechanical parts. The Gordian knot created by the imperfections of the vibrating machine is cut rather than untangled.

The ionic speaker reproduces the vibrations of the acoustic medium which were created by the original sound, but it does not reproduce the mechanical vibrations of the original source. The molecules of air which are set into oscillatory motion are not pushed and pulled by a mechanical diaphragm or cone, acting as an intermediary agent between the electrical signal and the sound, but are controlled directly by a varying electrostatic field. The vibrations of air molecules, of course, constitute sound, and these vibrations are radiated from an acoustical chamber into the room.

Air molecules in their natural state are not susceptible to electrical attraction or repulsion because they are neutral in charge. The molecules in the acoustical chamber are therefore changed to positive ions, by inducing molecular collisions which knock off orbital electrons and destroy the balance of charge in each molecule. Thermal agitation starts the collision and ionization process, and once there are charged particles in the chamber ionization can be completed by an alternating electrostatic field, superaudible in frequency. The input audio signal is superimposed on the ultrasonic field as a modulating voltage.

This new device is being worked on with a view towards commercial production by the French speaker company Audax, and rights have been acquired by firms in various countries, including the United States. Results from experimental models are currently being given rave reviews by periodicals like *TSF et TV* (*"Qui n'a jamais entendu un haut-parleur ionique Audax 1952, n'a jamais entendu la verité musicale"*), but the project is still in the developmental stage.

The practicality of the basic principle, however, has been demonstrated. The generation of imitative sound, which had been considered an inherently mechanical function, may thus be freed from the trammels of diaphragms and elastic suspensions, and one more distorting influence in musical reproduction will have been removed. —EDGAR M. VILLCHUR

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BOYCE: Symphony No. 5 in D Major, Symphony No. 7 in B Flat Major, Symphony No. 2 in A Major, Symphony No. 3 in C Major. London Baroque Ensemble Conducted by Karl Haas WL 5159

FRANZ SCHMIDT: Quartet for Piano & Strings in G Major. Barylli Quartet, Joerg Demus—Piano. WL 5158

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BEETHOVEN: Sonata in F Major for Cello and Piano, Op. 5, #1, Sonata in G Minor for Cello and Piano, Op. 5, #2. Antonio Janigro—Cello, Carlo Zecchi—Piano. WL 5170

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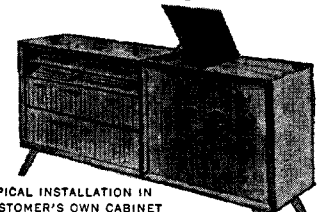

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Fall Fashions in Audio

WHILE the theorists are pondering the problem of revolutionizing the ways in which electricity becomes sound again, through the speaker system (see "A New Speaker Principle," page 60), those who are pursuing the evolutionary path have not been idle. Indeed, as other years have been marked by strides forward in amplifiers and in speaker enclosures, this seems destined to be a speaker year, with such firms as Altec-Lansing and Jensen bidding for attention with new, or improved, products.

JENSEN'S ST-903, embodying a triplex (three-way) reproducer system, is already on display. After years of fidelity (both in principle and in sentiment) to its established line, Jensen has gone all out with a unit designed "without consideration for price." Its elements include a woofer (low tones) and tweeter (high end), as do most similar units, but it also includes a mid-channel reproducer designed to clear up distortion in the critical middle area.

The housing is of the corner-speaker type, with back-loading, folded horn. An interesting innovation is the presence, on the speaker unit itself, of a pair of controls governing performance independent of the amplifier. One is a mere convenience, to adjust volume at the business end, without pursuing the system to its source (in a hall closet, presumptively, or another inaccessible place). The other is designed to modify the intensity of high-frequency output to comply with the particular room in which the speaker is placed. Thus, a room with considerable sound-absorbing furniture, wall-to-wall rugs, ceiling-to-floor drapes, would accommodate more output than one with a bare wood floor, scatter rugs, and less sound absorbing materials. The ensemble is offered in two finishes, of which the more expensive is slightly less than $300. When the performance has been further evaluated, a full report will be forthcoming.

ALTEC-LANSING'S CONTRIBUTION is within the framework of its established series of 600 speakers, improved to give performance claimed to be from 30 to 22,000 cycles with both the 12¼-inch (601A) and 15¾-inch (602A) models. The claims are governed by the specification that the speakers should be housed in Altec-Lansing's 606 cabinet. Greatest interest has been aroused by the performance potential of the 12¼-inch speaker, which is priced at about $90. Its larger mate, at $115, is rated slightly better in performance on the low end. Both, of course, are in the "duplex" tradition associated with this maker. A third speaker, the 604C at $159, is designed for heavier duty requirements of public address systems, auditorium use, etc., though if there is a householder who fancies fifty watts of peak power without distortion, here is his chance to have it. These speakers were coming off the production line during the Editor's recent visit to the West Coast and will be available for inspection at the Audio Fair in the Hotel New Yorker at the end of October.

THE FISHER RADIO CORPORATION, which has heretofore specialized in high-fidelity phono-radio combinations and custom installations of same, has entered the components field with the Fisher "Master Audio Control," which can be used with any amplifier, though best results are claimed in conjunction with Fisher's own "Laboratory Standard" amplifier. This unit is designed, through elaborate cross-over systems and compensating networks, to provide ultimate fidelity in record reproduction (or tape or FM) through a panel of controls permitting correction for all standard curves and variations therefrom. It features the "remote" advantage, by which sound can be adjusted from a place adjacent to the individual's listening location. Designated as model 50C, it is expected to be available early in October.

AN INTERESTING BY-PRODUCT of the trend toward ten-inch LP's (akin to Columbia's AL series) is the possibilities they offer for stepped-up frequency range. Though conceived merely as an economic way of presenting overtures and other less-than-symphony-length works without interruption and with "selectivity," they offer the engineer considerably more latitude in cutting his grooves than the ten-inch LP which holds fifteen or eighteen minutes of music. London has some two dozen items pending, drawn in part from its overture series and in part from previously unused tapes, and the samples that have filtered out are extremely promising. For that matter, the new ten-inch releases from Decca of performances by Alfred Wallenstein and the Los Angeles Philharmonic (Enesco's "Rumanian Rhapsody No. 1" and Smetana's "Moldau" in particular) serve notice that this company is keen about exceptional sound, also.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

EXCEPT for some 45-rpm and LP record players on view at the annual Radio Show, there is nothing yet to report on HMV's plunge into microgroove. One hears from the factory that the initial reject rate of LP pressings has been alarmingly high. Whatever the reasons, the absurdly mysterious atmosphere concerning the forthcoming releases has done HMV's prestige no good.

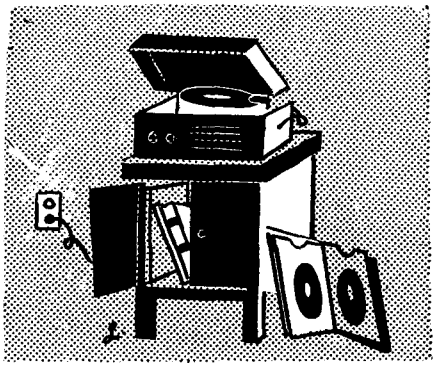
It must give Decca a great deal of satisfaction to watch its great and still powerful rival fumbling while its own LP records are pouring forth at an ever-increasing rate. The thirteenth LP release is due in mid-September, thus anticipating the initial HMV-Columbia issues by about two weeks; it is a magnificent list, including "Pelléas et Mélisande" and Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," and while it may not be the most adventurous assortment Decca has issued so far, it may well turn out to be the most popular of them all.

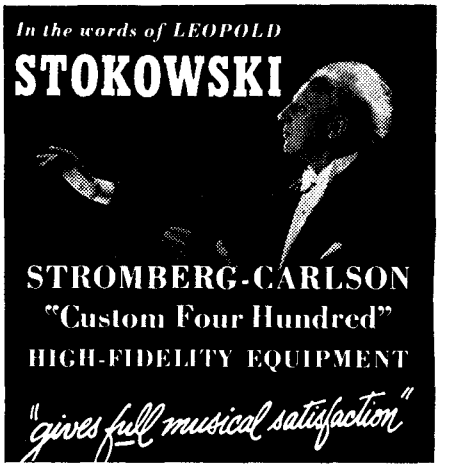
Yet our picture of Decca triumphant with EMI still dithering is not quite complete, for in the background there lurks the as yet shadowy figure of the "Third Man," Philips by name. So far there is nothing to indicate what will happen next January when Philips take over the European rights of American Columbia from EMI, but everyone knows that this company has the resources which could make it a dominant force in the European record industry. One Decca official ventures the opinion that we shall see a drastic shift in the balance of power during the next few years, and I feel certain that Philips will be able to tempt some of the best technicians in EMI—and perhaps even some from Decca—to throw in their lot with them.

HMV in its September list has featured a number of singers who were recently heard at Edinburgh, among them the young soprano Inge Borkh, who sang Sieglinde at this year's Bayreuth Festival and with the Hamburg State Opera gave us a fine sounding and visually plausible Leonore in "Fidelio." With the orchestra of the Städtische Oper, Berlin, she has recorded the great "Abscheulicher" scena from Act I, displaying a voice of true dramatic potential as well as a distinctive musical personality. We shall undoubtedly hear more of this gifted artist. The tenor Peter Anders is an old friend who was seen in the parts of Florestan, Walther von Stolzing, and Max. On the new record we hear him in Max's famous aria "Durch die Wälder, durch die Auen" from the first act of "Der Freischütz," an excellent memento of his best Edinburgh part. Another tenor, Rudolf Schock, who appeared as Tamino and as the singer in "Der Rosenkavalier," and who is in any case well known to Covent Garden audiences, here appears with the soprano Anny Schlemm in the Micaëla-José duet from Act I of "Carmen"; the resultant performance, in German, is not particularly good.

Columbia's main contribution to the vocal issues is the "Vier ernste Gesänge" of Brahms, sung with great dignity and fine authority by Hans Hotter, whose rich, dark voice is here heard to advantage; Gerald Moore is the sensitive accompanist and the recording, on four sides, is first rate. Jennie Tourel's recent records have tended to be disappointing, but now, in two arias from "Samson et Dalilah"—"Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix" and "Printemps qui commence"— she seems once again in better voice, even though she hardly suggests the arch-seductress. The third of Dalilah's arias, together with "O grandi occhi" from "Fedora" marks the Parlophone debut of Elena Nicolai. Hers is a striking voice full of personality and the "Fedora" excerpt in particular is magnificently sung.

Back on HMV there is a reissue, by popular demand, of the duet from Act II of "Les Huguenots," sung in German by Marcel Wittrisch (Raoul) and Margarethe Teschemacher (Valentine)— an exciting disc which finds both protagonists at the top of their





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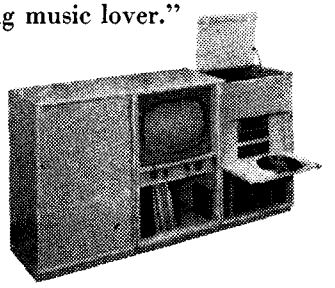

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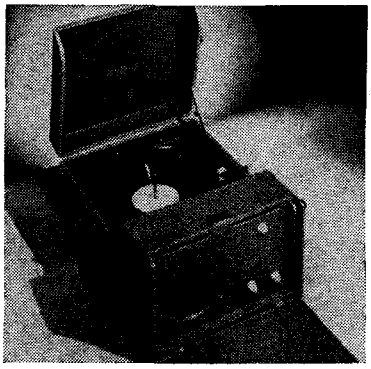

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form. In the recent revival of Verdi's "Don Carlo" at Sadler's Wells, Joan Hammond appeared as guest artist in the part of Elisabeth of Valois. She has now recorded the aria "Tu che la vanità" from the last act, and it is a remarkably fine disc, enhanced by splendid playing by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Vilem Tausky. On modest plum-label discs we find a Bach rarity, the aria "Qui tollis" from the Mass in A major, charmingly sung by Margaret Ritchie to the accompaniment of two flutes and two violas, as well as a group of Anglo-American folk songs in which it is a pleasure to meet once again that accomplished and unaffected artist, John Langstaff.

IN view of the fact that this is the last 78-rpm release of real importance which we shall get, it is not surprising that the non-vocal categories are somewhat bare. On HMV there are the overtures to Nicolai's "Merry Wives" and Weber's "Freischütz," conducted respectively by Furtwängler and Barbirolli, while our old friend Benno Moiseiwitsch shows, in Chopin's Fantaisie-Impromptu and the Nocturne in E minor, Op. 72, No. 1,

that, despite the modern trend towards more and more technical wizardry, style and personality still count for something.

On Columbia there is a rousing performance of Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture from Paul Kletzki and the Philharmonia (whose recent series of Berlioz overtures has been outstandingly successful); the two discs also contain Brahms's Hungarian Dances Nos. 2 and 3, and in the former we are treated to some of the most delicious oboe playing since Beecham recorded Handel's "Arrival of the Queen of Sheba" nearly twenty years ago. Sir Thomas himself is back with more Delius, a new version of "Eventyr," which was first recorded in Vol. 1 of the Delius Society. It is a strange composition in which Delius attempted to re-create in musical terms the atmosphere of some of Asbjörnsen's fairy-tales, and it contains moments of surprisingly harsh and uncharacteristic writing. Needless to say, the performance by the Royal Philharmonic is all that could be desired, and the recording shows a considerable advance over the earlier set. Gieseking has had lavish treatment from Columbia during the last few years, but I cannot remember a previous disc of his to compare with his playing of Debussy's "Arabesques." These are early pieces of no great significance but Gieseking's subtle touch makes them appear far more characteristic than they really are.

To round out this last survey of 78-rpm issues (we have been told that they will continue, but they are bound to occupy a very secondary position in the future until they finally become extinct) Parlophone, or, to be precise, Karl Haas, has found for us some more unfamiliar Beethoven, the "Variations on 'La ci darem la mano'" for two oboes and English horn. This early, but delightful and by no means insignificant, little composition is attractively played by members of the London Baroque Ensemble.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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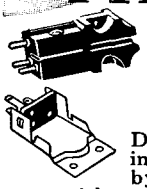

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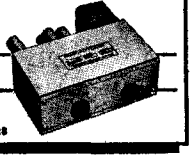

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Pop Roundup

WE have two current Broadway show scores on discs this month in original-cast productions. One represents a lavish, conventionally proportioned hit: WISH YOU WERE HERE (RCA LOC 1007). The other is a crisp, crackling "intimate" revue, also a hit: NEW FACES OF 1952 (RCA LOC 1008).

Musically, the tunes are a far cry from the time-honored lyrical gems of Kern, Gershwin, Rodgers, or Schwartz. But there is plenty of entertainment in both sets of lyrics. NEW FACES, being "intimate," is the more successful as a recording. Its song ideas are fresh, the frequent satire delightful. The voices are mostly good and they convey distinctive personalities. Our favorites are Eartha Kitt—an exciting, saucy little feline—and Robert Clary—an exuberant crew-cut Frenchman. Ten writers contributed words and music, of which we especially like "Monotonous" (by Arthur Siegel and June Carroll) and the Gallic gem "Bal Petit Bal"—which are alternately purred, whined, and belted by Miss Kitt. "Boston Beguine" (words and music by Sheldon Harnick), as sung by Alice Ghostley, is a fantastic take-off on Cole Porter's warhorse, and a highlight of the current season. There are fifteen enjoyable songs here, sung by a half dozen future "big names."

WISH YOU WERE HERE has lyrics and music entirely by Harold Rome, who several years back gave us a more inspired effort in "Call Me Mister." Rome is an excellent craftsman, though most of his songs here are stock types. There's one Hit Parade tune—the title song—and others, like "Ballad of the Social Director" and "Don Jose of Far Rockaway," that employ the modern Catskill folk idiom. There are sixteen or seventeen numbers in all, and though the singing isn't very good, if you saw the show you will probably want to own the package. Perhaps they should have sent the swimming pool with our copy.

Somewhat off the beaten track, there's a set of eight songs, four by Harold Arlen and four by the late Kurt Weill, sung by a girl from England. The title reads DOROTHY CARLESS SINGS INFORMALLY (Commodore FL 20026), but Miss Carless, who gets credit as well for the arrangements and piano accompaniment, is hardly informal in the latter functions. She sings with a wistful intimacy that is especially appropriate to Weill's "decadence"—though his "decadence" is less evident, I believe, in these American-period songs. If only she weren't such a determined pianist! Picture Dietrich singing "Jonny" to a setting by Scarlatti and you get the general idea.

The novelty in the Weill group is the lovely "It Was Never You" from "Knickerbocker Holiday." The others are "My Ship" and "This Is New," both from "Lady in the Dark," and "Foolish Heart"—the lilting waltz from "One Touch of Venus." The latter induced us to trot out Mary Martin's original Decca version of the song, which is more complete with verse and extra choruses, and is preferable if it is still available. (If Decca has not already done so, it should be given priority for LP issue.)

Arlen, perhaps, requires a more solid approach. Margaret Whiting and Lena Horne especially have a way with an Arlen tune. Miss Carless is quite moving in "Last Night When We Were Young," but she's miscast in "The Shade of the New Apple Tree," a rhythmic item from "Hooray for What." "Let's Fall in Love" and "My Shining Hour" round out the program—a pleasant, if timid, flirtation with Esoterica.

Mostly Instrumental

Percy Faith's CARNIVAL RHYTHMS program (COL CL 6214) is more for listening than for dancing, although his projection of several Latin rhythm types has the force of the real thing. This is remarkable when one considers that Faith, always an excellent arranger, employs a large orchestra with an almost symphonic range. Unusually lifelike recording helps make this one of the most contagious, colorful packages in many months. Among the titles are "Enlloro," once popularized by Carmen Cavallaro, "Jamaican Rhumba," and "Oye Negra." . . . . Few Americans can dance to it, but everyone seems to enjoy listening to the Brazilian *baiao*. "Delicado" was the first, and now we have PELADINHO, an exciting, savage affair as interpreted by Teddy Phillips and his orchestra and chorus (King 15201). A Brazilian import disc, GRANFINO (RCA 47-4763), features the violinist Fafa Lemos, a Brazilian Venuti with a trace of *tzigane*, who gets considerable help from what sounds like a vast echo chamber.

—Bill Simon.

VOX

NEW RELEASES

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Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Karl Boehm, conductor 12" PL 7760

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Eva Hoelderlin, organ—Helma Elsner, harpsichord—Pro Musica Orchestra, Stuttgart, Rolf Reinhardt, conductor 2-12" PL 7802

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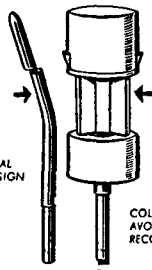

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Toscanini's Ninth

THE long battle between Arturo Toscanini and the machine, of which the prize at issue has been a recorded performance of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony which he would approve for release, has been resolved, finally, in favor of the machine. With the grudging words "I am almost satisfied," Toscanini has acknowledged that perfection eludes him in this imperfect world—and we have the fortunate privilege of settling for a performance of some impalpable imperfections but of overwhelming power, monumental stature, and musical grandeur (RCA Victor LM 6009, $11.14).

If Toscanini heard the same things in this performance that I did, and implied his reservations because of them, they would relate to a rather nervous briskness in the first movement, a slightly breathless pace in the scherzo. However, it is the larger probability that his dissatisfactions were concerned with more finicky details, of which every one—to my limited perceptions—is splendidly realized.

Actually, the answer to the quibble about tempi in movements One and Two is given by the sumptuous adagio, which is a match, in tenderness and depth of feeling, for anything Toscanini (or anyone else, for that matter) has ever put on discs. By contrast to what has preceded, it moves in a dream world of suspended time, without losing momentum or verging on stagnation. Here is a priceless instance of Toscanini's capacity to mold musical materials into a veritable spiral of sound, infinitely prolonged in extent, almost without beginning or end.

As for the choral finale, it was the towering peak of the performance last March that preceded this recording, and the mood hangs tangibly in the air—powerful, spacious, with an infinity of meaning expressed through the intermingling of Schiller and Beethoven, the intercedence of Toscanini. Only this musician has tortured a chorus into singing its music with so sounding a blend of meaning and musicality. This one (the Collegiate Chorale) does its excellent work in a tradition of greatness. I cannot express the same degree of enthusiasm for the quartet, of which Eileen Farrell, at the top, and Norman Scott, at the bottom, give us less, in weight and scope, than we want. However, Jan Peerce is an eloquent tenor and Nan Merriman does some admirable decorating of the interior line with her brief but well-sung phrases.

Considering the numerous tries RCA Victor had at the Beethoven Ninth in Studio 8-H days, it is almost providential that none passed muster with the Maestro, for this one is certainly the best sounding in its expensive collection. From the outset, with the strings rising from the void, the ominous tread of the tympani, and the full-throated outburst of the orchestra, we are squarely in the sound aura of D minor; and the accumulating pages give us a likeness of the particular atmosphere and color of this score not matched in any previous recording. The sensation of the hammers bouncing on the tympani in the scherzo, the real *dolce* quality of the strings in the adagio, the finely plentiful string bass in the finale—all these mark it as something special among RCA recordings as well as the fulfilment of a historic chapter in the annals of reproduced sound. A useful by-product of the enterprise is a new and meaningful translation of the Schiller "Ode" by Louis Untermeyer.

Whether everybody who wants Toscanini's kind of Ninth Symphony will also want the First that comes inextricably tied to it on the fourth side is questionable. Of finesse, and energy, and insight, it has attributes in abundance; but where is the mercurial zest of the score, its youthful, springlike serenity, its sense of adventure and new beginnings? I find all these qualities retrogressive (if present at all), rather engulfed in a relentless pursuit of exactness. The kind of conception conveyed is superbly executed, and brilliantly reproduced, but the accent, for me, is overstressed throughout. —I. K.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Post-"Ariadne" Strauss

▶ IN VIEW OF the LP companies' almost complete exhaustion of the standard opera repertory and their apparently diligent search for worthwhile out-of-the-way works, I've been wondering why no attention has been given to the later operas of Richard Strauss. There are some eight Strauss operas composed after "Ariadne auf Naxos" which have never been heard in this country. How long must we wait before we are given a chance to hear these works?

PAUL SPENCER.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is probably a question of too high an investment, too low an expectable return. The late Strauss operas generally require oversize orchestras and in addition exact considerable royalty fees. Couple these high expenses with a limited audience in this country, and the lack of attention is understandable. However, on LP anything is possible, and it may well be that from all the taping going on in Salzburg this summer a complete recording of "Die Liebe der Danae" (1940) will emerge.*

Index to Reviews

▶ HAS *SR* ISSUED an index of its LP record reviews?

DOMINIC W. MARINO.

San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The answer is no. However, record reviews appearing in* SR, *as well as several other publications, are indexed in* Notes, *the quarterly publication sponsored by the Music Library Association, Music Division, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D.C.*

More by Cortot?

▶ BRAVO FOR YOUR WORDS on Cortot addressed to the younger discophiles. I still have Cortot in a treasured and unequalled rendering of the Schumann Piano Concerto issued by Victor some twenty years ago. Is there a chance that Cortot will make a modern recording of this?

R. A. JONES.

San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Cortot has been doing a considerable amount of recording in England, for the HMV label, during the past few years and it may be that the Schumann Concerto (of which he is a celebrated exponent) is among the recordings yet to be issued. If not, Mr. Jones's suggestion is worth the attention of HMV.*

Extended 45's

▶ I AM PLANNING to purchase the complete RCA Victor recording of "Rigoletto," but am reluctant to procure it in the standard 45-rpm edition because of the possibility of Victor's issuing it on their new extended-play records. Do you have any present information concerning RCA's plans for producing "Rigoletto," and similar works, on EP records?

JULIAN R. FRIEDMAN

Savannah, Ga.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reference is to a new series of 45-rpm discs which will play up to eight minutes, twice the duration of the regular 45's. The extended-play 45's are designed principally for overtures and arias which will be self-contained on one eight-minute side. RCA does not intend to use the EP records for works of extended length.*

London's Latest

▶ IT SEEMS TO ME that some of the later issues of London FFRR recordings are lacking in certain technical and sonic aspects, notably some of the recent Ansermet recordings. I have to increase the gain double the amount necessary for any other label to get the desired result. I refer especially to Ansermet's recording of "La Mer," which does not stand comparison with the earlier "Petrouchka." Has London changed its methods of recording?

EDWARD E. LEWIS.

San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There is no question but that the Ansermet "La Mer" lacks the definition of his earlier "Petrouchka." However, since "La Mer" was issued over a year ago we have been given several Ansermet recordings well up to standard.*

Koussevitzky Reissues

▶ WHAT ARE RCA'S PLANS (if any) regarding reissue on LP of these excellent Koussevitzky albums: the Mozart Symphonies Nos. 29 and 34 and the Sibelius Fifth?

R. OPPENHEIM.

San Antonio, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *From RCA we learn that Koussevitzky reissues are definitely a part of future plans. At present, the entire catalogue of Koussevitzky recordings is under scrutiny by the engineers to determine which ones are best adapted for reissue. The Mozart and Sibelius items wanted by Mr. Oppenheim are among the candidates.*

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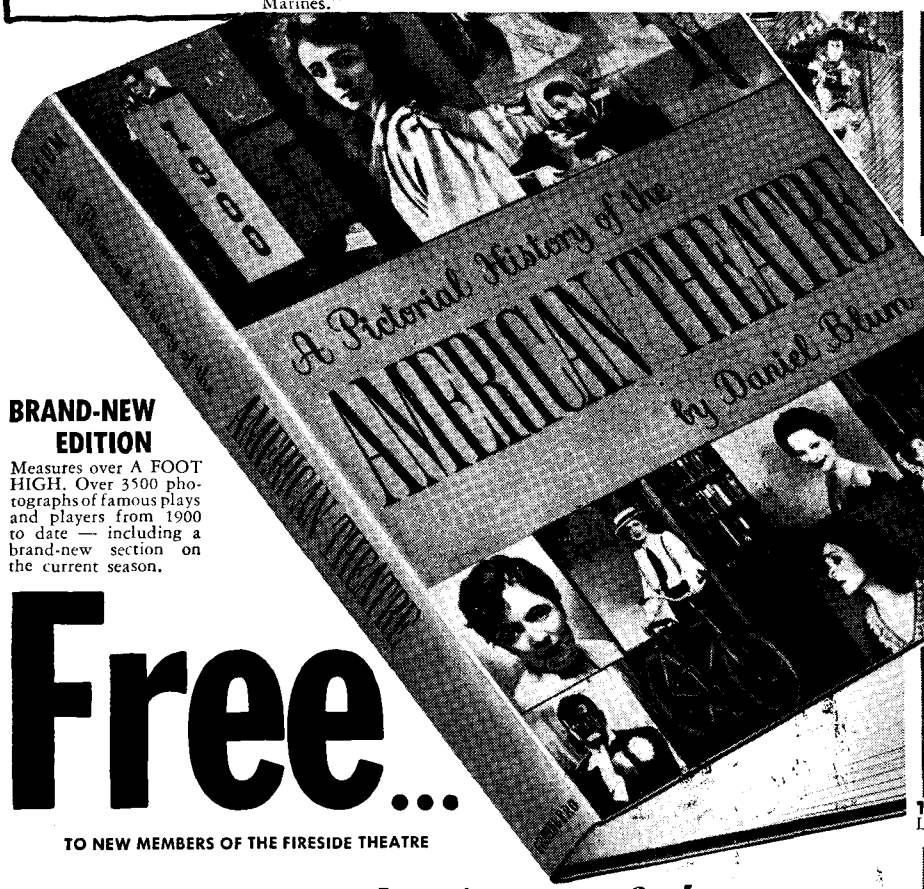
1930: The Lunts in "Elizabeth the Queen."

1933: Bob Hope in "Roberta."

1934: Jmogene Coca in "New Faces."



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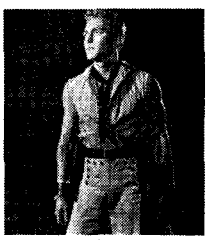

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